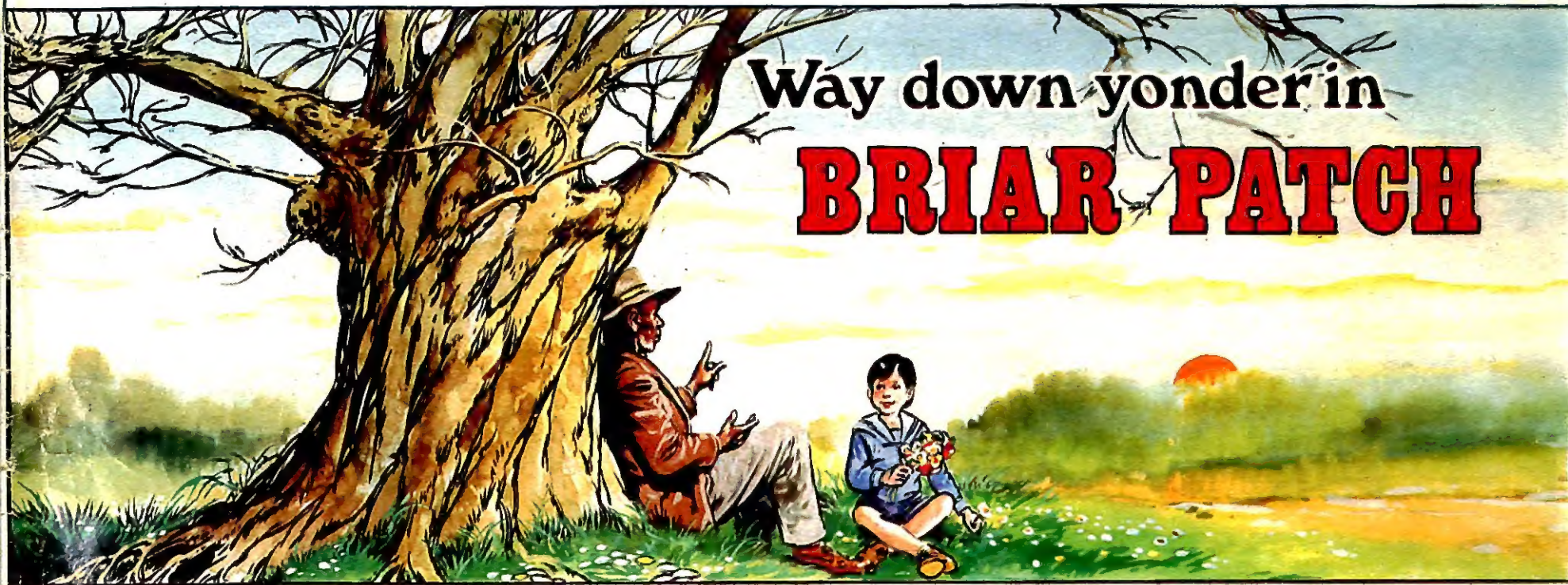


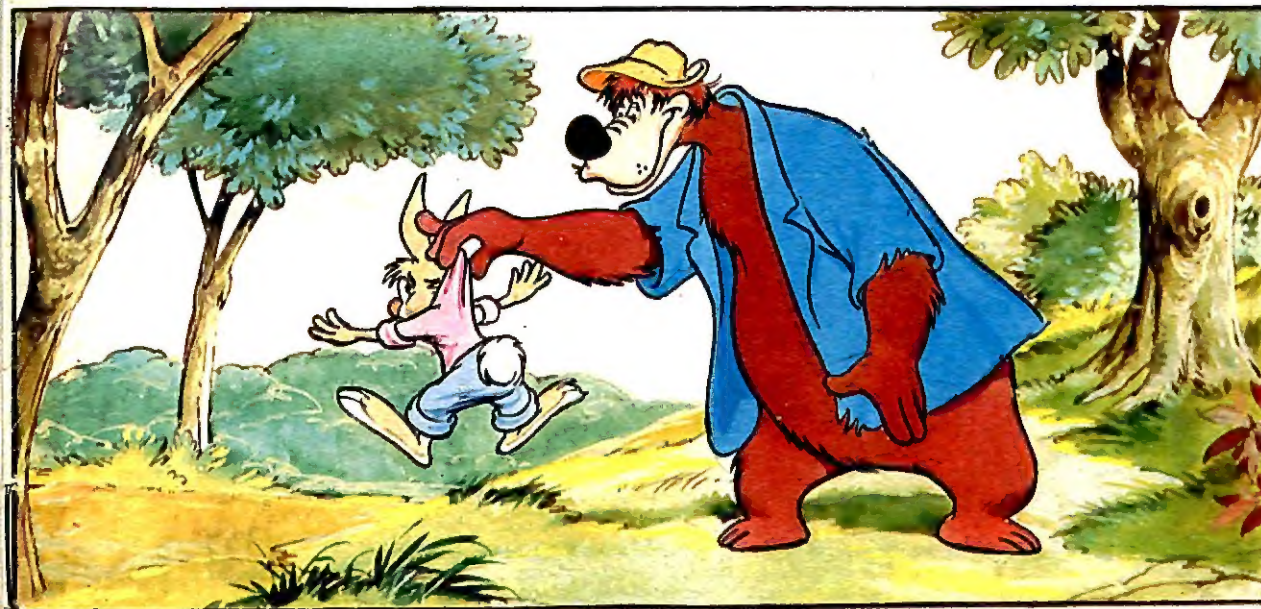


# the WONDERFUL WORLD of Disney



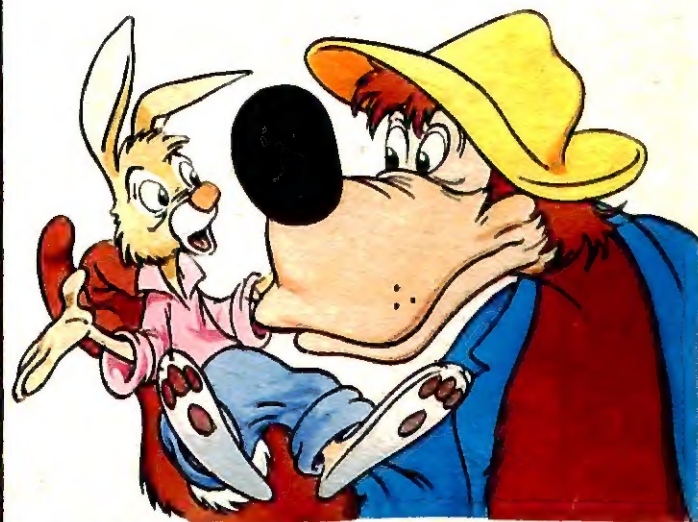
1. "Did I ever tell you, honey child, that Brer Bear was a very forgetful creature?" asked Uncle Remus upon a certain end-of-day as the sun, sinking low in the sky turned all the world into a glory of crimson and gold. The little boy looked up at Uncle Remus with his gentle eyes. "No. I don't think you did, Uncle Remus," said he.

"Well, then, you just sit there an' make yourself a daisy chain while I tell you 'bout all the forgettery fun," smiled Uncle Remus, "'cos if there was fun, you can surely bet that Brer Rabbit wasn't very far away." The little boy laughed. "And I suppose I can bet my best boots he wasn't?" said he and Uncle Remus nodded.



2. Well now, began Uncle Remus, it seems like one day Brer Rabbit came round a corner in the big road and there ker-plunk right in front of him, nose to nose, was old Brer Bear.

"Brer Rabbit!" growled Brer Bear in that grumbly-grimble voice of his. "You're jest the feller I want to see!" Well, right then and there, Brer Rabbit reminded hisself of all the tricks he had been playin' on Brer Bear during the last few summers an' his remindery then told him that it was time he was burnin' up the dust in the opposite direction. Before he could move a step, Brer Bear grabbed him by the scruff of the neck.



3. "Where you goin' in such a hurry when I want to gab a li'l with you, Brer Rabbit?" grunted Brer Bear. "I just remembered I left the kitchen tap runnin'," squawked Brer Rabbit, "so if you'll please let me go, Brer Bear, I'll run right home." But Brer Bear shook his shaggy head, he did. "No, sirree, Brer Rabbit," said he, "you ain't goin' nowhere 'cos I want a li'l gab with you, I do." And he took a firmer hold of Brer Rabbit's collar. "Now listen good. You're a mighty tricky clever little rascal, you are, an' so I reckon that maybe you can help me."





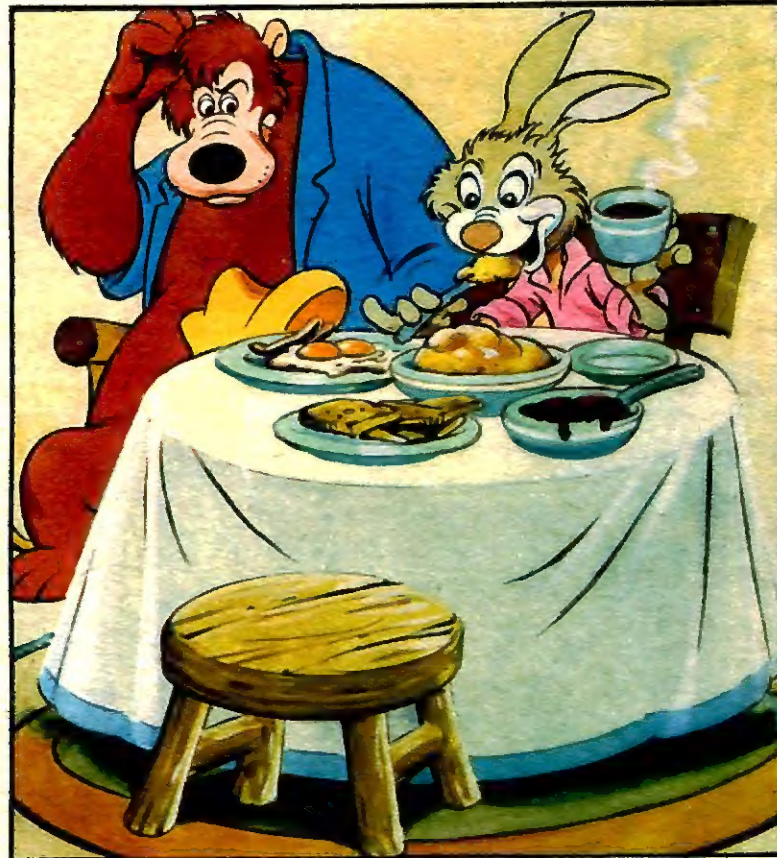
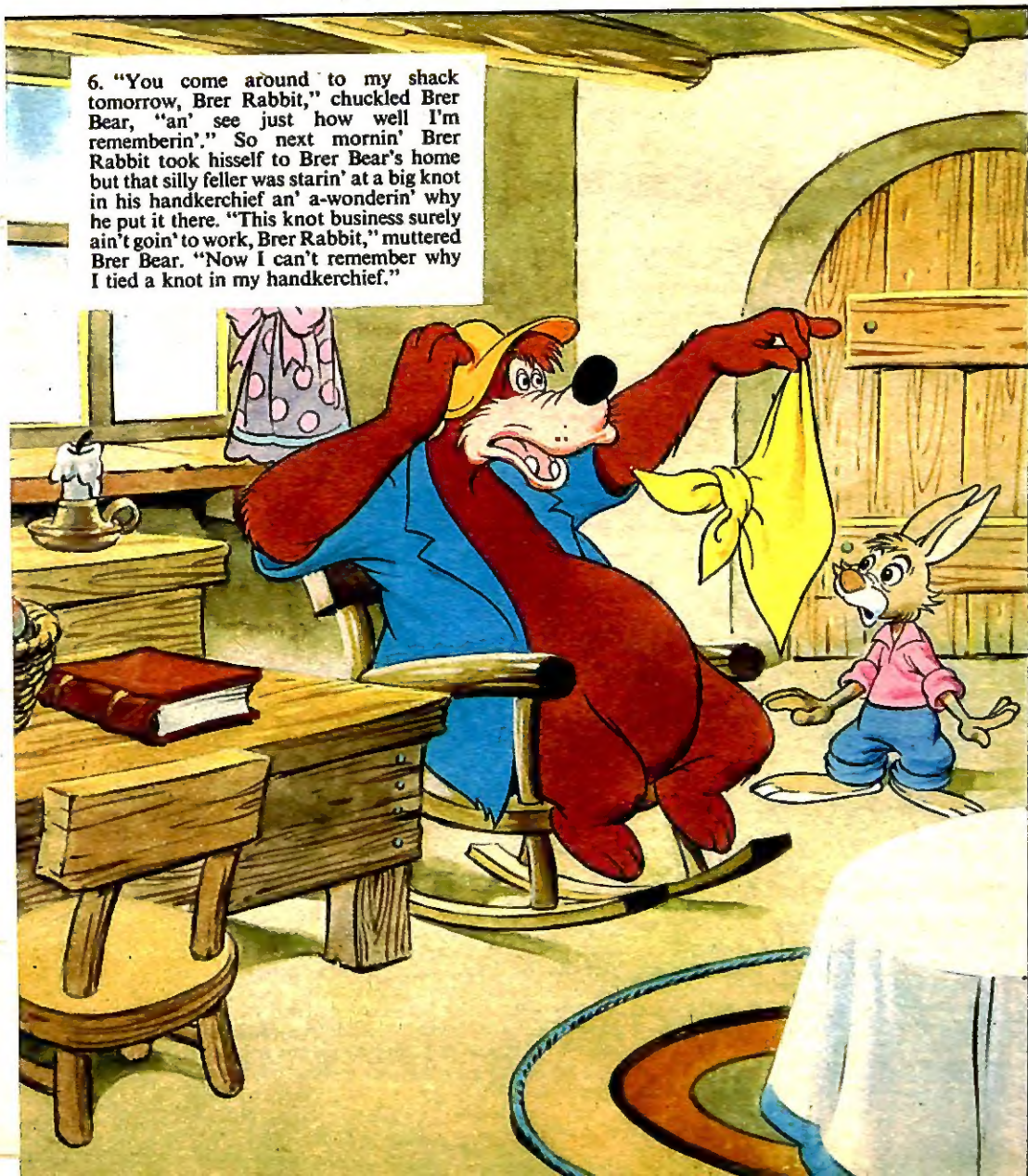
4. "If you'll just let go of my collar, please, Brer Bear," said Brer Rabbit very politeful, "I surely will do my best to help you," and he stared at old Brer Bear very curious-like. Brer Bear sighed miserably and sat Brer Rabbit down on a big stone. "I got such a bad memory, Brer Rabbit," said he, "and it's getting worse an' worse all the time."

"Tut, tut," replied Brer Rabbit, "that must be a mite troublesome for you-all." Brer Bear nodded. "Indeed-indeedy," said he. "For instance, last week I invited Brer Fox an' Brer Terrapin to dinner next day but I forgot all about it, I did, an' went honey-scrumping instead." "Well, gracious goodness an' fancy that," said Brer Rabbit in a very serious voice.



5. "If only I could think of somethin' that would remind me to remember things," said Brer Bear. "Got any ideas, Brer Rabbit?" Just then a certain grin passed so swiftly across Brer Rabbit's face it was like a fly on sugar—there one moment and gone the next. "You should tie a knot in your handkerchief whenever you want to remember something," said he and he took from his pocket a red-and-white spotted handkerchief and held it up. There was a knot tied in it. "See that now?" he asked. "That's to remind me to buy a lettuce while I'm out." Brer Bear grinned hugely with delight. "Brer Rabbit," says he, "you're a wonder, that's what you are—a real little furry wonder. Now why didn't I think of that?" "'Cos you're too stupid," said Brer Rabbit, only he said it to himself, he did.

6. "You come around to my shack tomorrow, Brer Rabbit," chuckled Brer Bear, "an' see just how well I'm rememberin'." So next mornin' Brer Rabbit took hisself to Brer Bear's home but that silly feller was starin' at a big knot in his handkerchief an' a-wonderin' why he put it there. "This knot business surely ain't goin' to work, Brer Rabbit," muttered Brer Bear. "Now I can't remember why I tied a knot in my handkerchief."



7. Brer Rabbit opened wide his eyes, he did. "Why, I can surely tell you, Brer Bear," says he, "'cos you asked me to come for a porridge-an'-eggs-an'-bacon-an'-toast-an'-marmalade-an'-coffee breakfast this morning."

Brer Bear blinked. "I did?"

"You surely did, Brer Bear," smiled Brer Rabbit, "so I'll sit here an' make myself comfy while you do the cookin'." Brer Bear was mighty surprised. "That surely don't sound like me, Brer Rabbit," said he, "but I won't argue 'cos my memory's too bad," and with that he set to an' cooked up a mighty fine breakfast for Brer Rabbit, an' all the time Brer Rabbit was tuckin' into all that grub, Brer Bear sat there mutterin': "It jest don't sound like me, it jest don't sound like me."

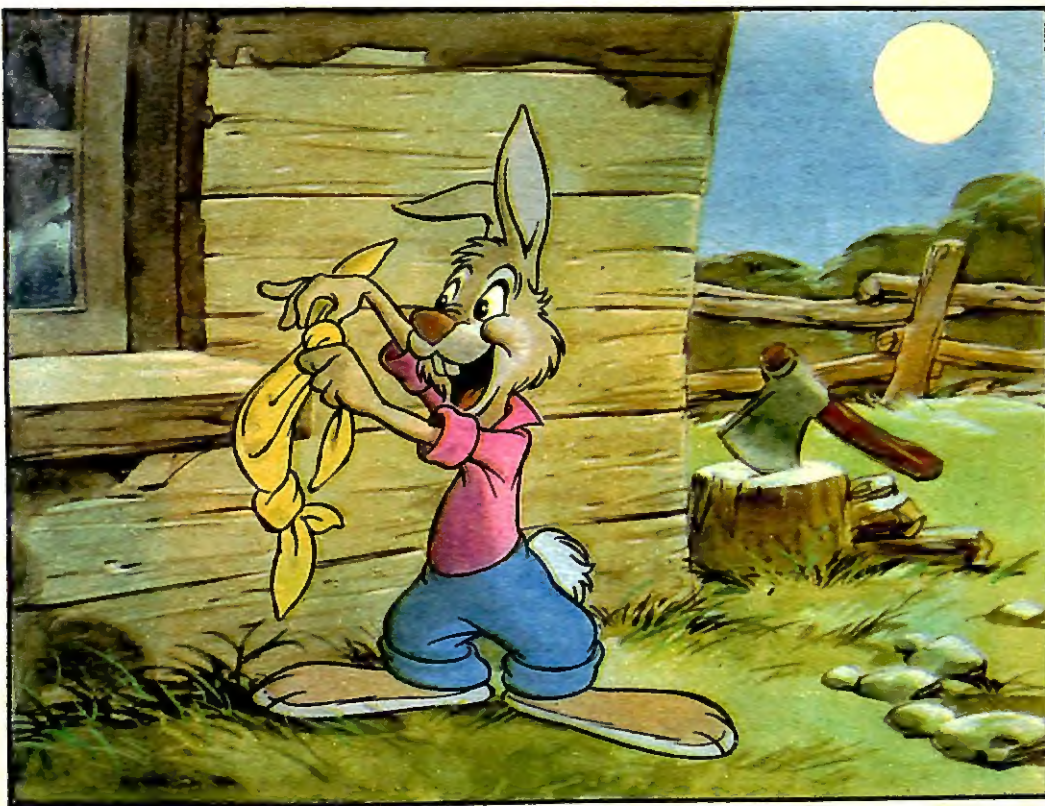




8. Well, Brer Rabbit, he enjoyed his breakfast, he did an' when he'd eaten every little last crumb he said goodbye to Brer Bear and toddled off home, chuckling to hisself 'cos he had tricked Brer Bear so easily. Next mornin' he came again, he did, an' there was old Brer Bear a-sittin' on the garden fence, once again looking at his handkerchief and a fresh knot that he had tied in it. "I done it again, Brer Rabbit," he sighed. "I surely done it again. There's another knot, plain to see, but I disremember why I tied the knot. In fact, I even disremember tyin' the knot." Brer Rabbit's lips twitched a sneaky little twitch an' he said, "Why, you tied that there knot, Brer Bear, to remind you to give me one of your biggest jars of honey." At this Brer Bear really looked down in his big mouth.



9. Brer Bear shook his big shaggy head sadly. "That don't sound like me, that surely don't sound like me. No sirree, not one little bit like me, Brer Rabbit," he said. "Well, that's what you said, Brer Bear," replied Brer Rabbit, "that's exactly what you said an' you wouldn't want to go back on your word, would you?" Brer Bear looked a tiny mite like he certainly would if he could but then he reminded himself about his bad memory an' he went slowly into his garden shed an' came out lookin' sad but with just about the biggest jar of honey you ever did see an' he gave that there biggest jar of honey to Brer Rabbit.

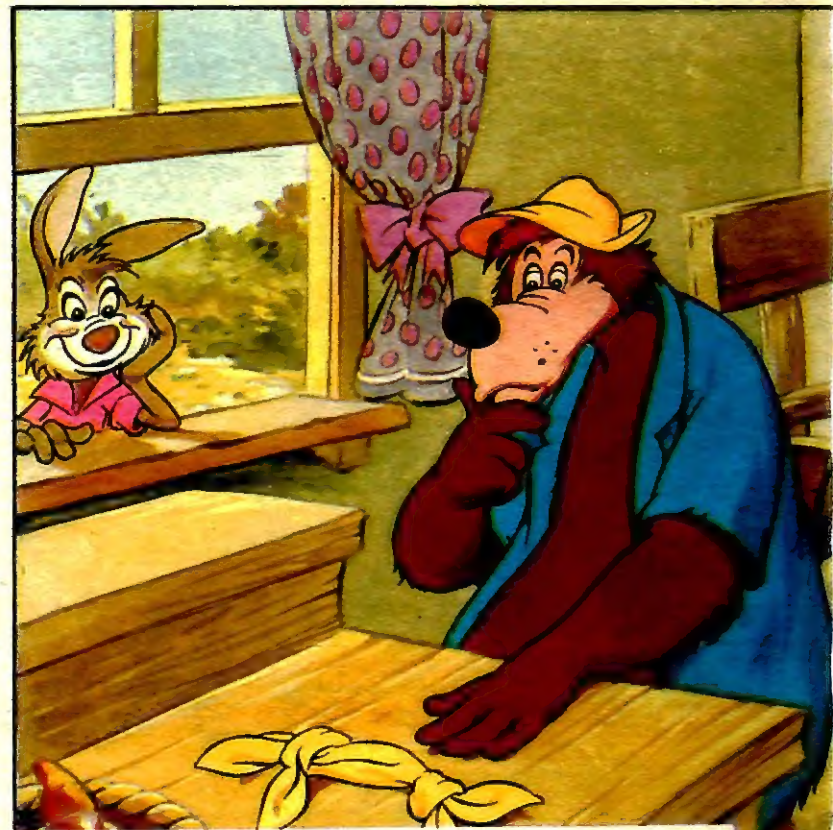


10. "What you say just don't sound like me, Brer Bear said again, "an' I'm not goin' to tie knots in my handkerchief no more. I'm not. No, sirree. I'm surely not." An' turnin' round he stalked into his shack, he did, an' threw his handkerchief down on the window sill.

Brer Rabbit watched him an' then he scuttled off home with the honey as fast as his speedy legs would carry him.

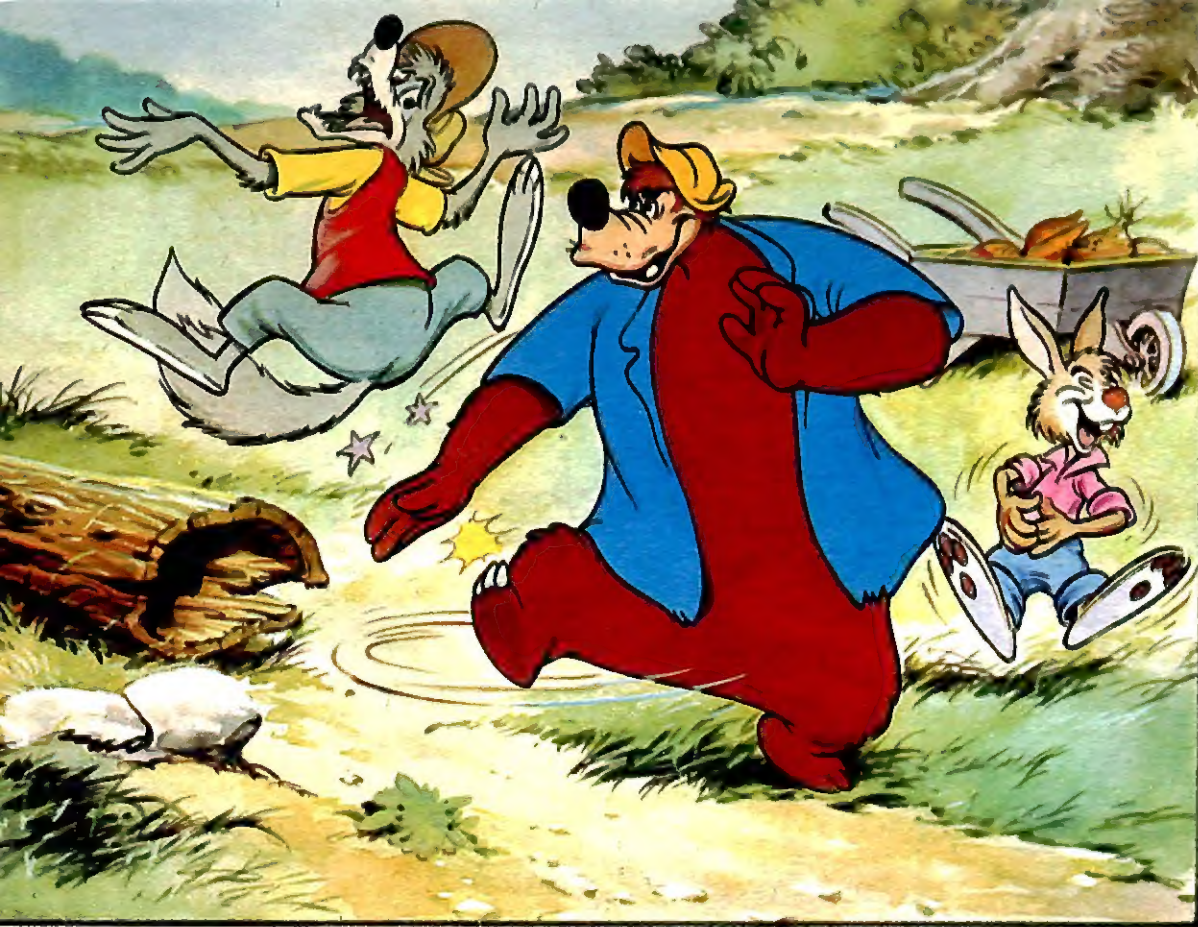
Now that same night, the moon was ridin' high in the sky an' it was near as bright as day when Brer Rabbit sneaked up to Brer Bear's shack. The handkerchief was still on the sill. The grin on Brer Rabbit's face was like to split his face in half as he tied two big knots in Brer Bear's hanky.

Then he tip-toed away, he did, and went home through the moonlight singing: "Oh, I'm Brer Rabbit an' I've got a little habit of playing tricky tricks on old Brer Bear." The next mornin' he called on Brer Bear, he did, an' there was the big feller sittin' at his table an' starin' dazedly at his handkerchief.



11. "Well, hi there, Brer Bear," Brer Rabbit called out through the window. "An' how do you find yourself this bright an' sunny mornin'?" "Not so good, Brer Rabbit," wailed Brer Bear, "'cos I've just found two knots in my handkerchief that I don't ever remember tyin'. So what's to become of me an' what does it all mean, tell me that!" "It's a good thing you have me to help you, Brer Bear," grinned Brer Rabbit. "You tied one knot to remind you to kick Brer Fox the next time he comes past your shack an' you tied the other knot to remind you to buy a barrow-load of turnips from me this mornin'." (Please turn over)



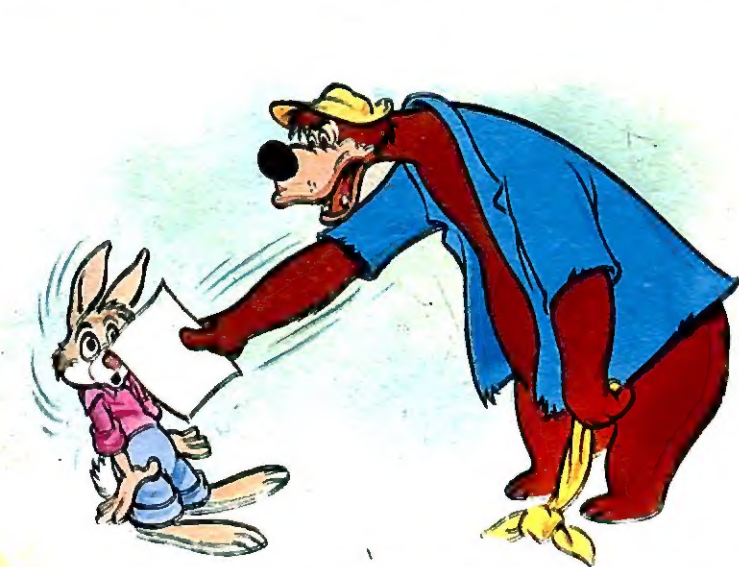
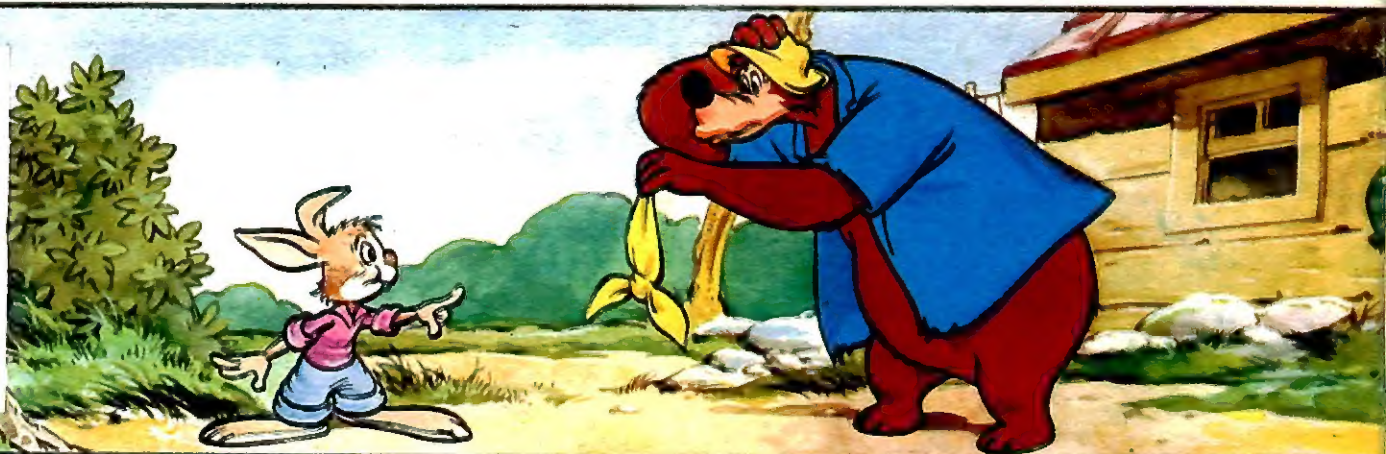


12. Brer Bear looked real surprised, he did. "Kick Brer Fox?" said he. "Why should I kick Brer Fox. I got no reason to kick Brer Fox." "Who wants a reason to kick Brer Fox?" replied Brer Rabbit. "Why he's just a downright worthless tramp who deserves a good kickin' any day of the week." "Nothin' wrong with that way of thinkin'," said Brer Bear, lookin' lazily out of the window, "an' here comes Brer Fox now so I'll just hop out an' give him a kick as he passes." An' he did—but not lazily. He kicked Brer Fox right where he usually sits down an' poor old Brer Fox sailed through the air like a rocket, he surely did.



13. When Brer Fox landed, he landed with a jolt and a jar that shook every bone in his crafty body an' he didn't stop to ask Brer Bear the time o' day. He just chased the wild wind down the big road as fast as he could put down his big feet an' pick 'em up again. Then Brer Rabbit smiled at Brer Bear an' said: "An' here are your turnips, Brer Bear, an' that's just ten dollars." Brer Bear shook his head glumly. "An' I said I'd buy a barrow-load of turnips?" said he. "That don't sound like me, Brer Rabbit." "All the same, ten dollars, if you please," ordered Brer Rabbit. So Brer Bear gave Brer Rabbit ten dollars and away went the tricky little feller a-grinnin' to hisself 'cos he'd hoodwinked Brer Bear again.

14. "I don't understand it," muttered Brer Bear to hisself after Brer Rabbit had gone, "'cos I don't like turnips. So why should I order a barrow-load off'n Brer Rabbit?" Then he started to wonder if Brer Rabbit hadn't been up to some of his old trickery again an' old Brer Bear, he closed one eye an' he scratched his nose an' he sat down to figure it all out. Well, again that night Brer Rabbit hopped down to Brer Bear's shack an' tied another knot in Brer Bear's hanky which was hanging out of the window just like it had the night before.



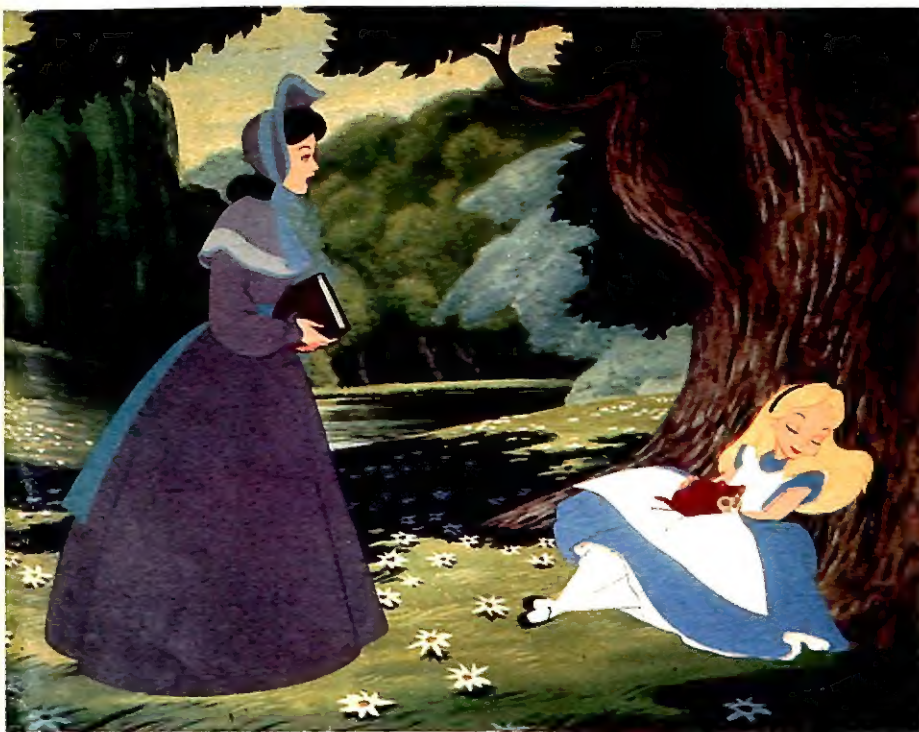
15. Next mornin' when he came along there was Brer Bear real thoughtful like. "Mornin'," smiled Brer Rabbit. "Do you disremember tying that knot in your hanky?" "I surely do," said Brer Bear with a nasty smile, "but I did remember to write a note afore I went to bed. Have a look!" Writ in large letters was "I have not tied any knots in my hanky tonight." "Tell me, Brer Rabbit, how come I've a knot in my hanky this mornin'?"



16. "That's to remind me to burn the breeze out of here right smartish, Brer Bear," said Brer Rabbit in a hurry an' before Brer Bear could grab him, Brer Rabbit was off down the big road faster'n he'd ever run in his life—and runnin' faster than Brer Bear could run. Brer Bear, he chased after Brer Rabbit, he did but did he catch him? He surely didn't, honey child, 'cos if he had, there wouldn't be any more Brer Rabbit stories to tell you 'cos Brer Rabbit, he wouldn't be no more. Now you run along home an' come back an' see me again next week when the sun is a-settin' 'cos then I'll have another story for you about all the doings a-goin' on way down yonder in Briar Patch.



# “Why did the butter fly?”



1. Young Alice and her sister, too,  
With Dinah, little cat,  
Out for a walk came to a tree  
And down young Alice sat.  
It was a hot and sunny day,  
Soon Alice fell asleep,  
And Dinah, tired out as well,  
Fell into slumber deep.



2. “I’m dreaming I’m in Wonderland,”  
Young Alice smiling said  
As there she saw upon a leaf,  
A loaf of buttered bread.  
Then as she watched, she gasped aloud—  
Not once, not twice but thrice.  
For from that loaf big butterflies  
Were forming, slice by slice.



3. They fluttered here, they fluttered there,  
They fluttered way up high.  
Then one of them asked: “Tell us, girl!  
Why did the butter fly?”  
But Alice only shook her head,  
Not knowing what to say—  
The butterfly then sighed and said  
“Perhaps some other day!”

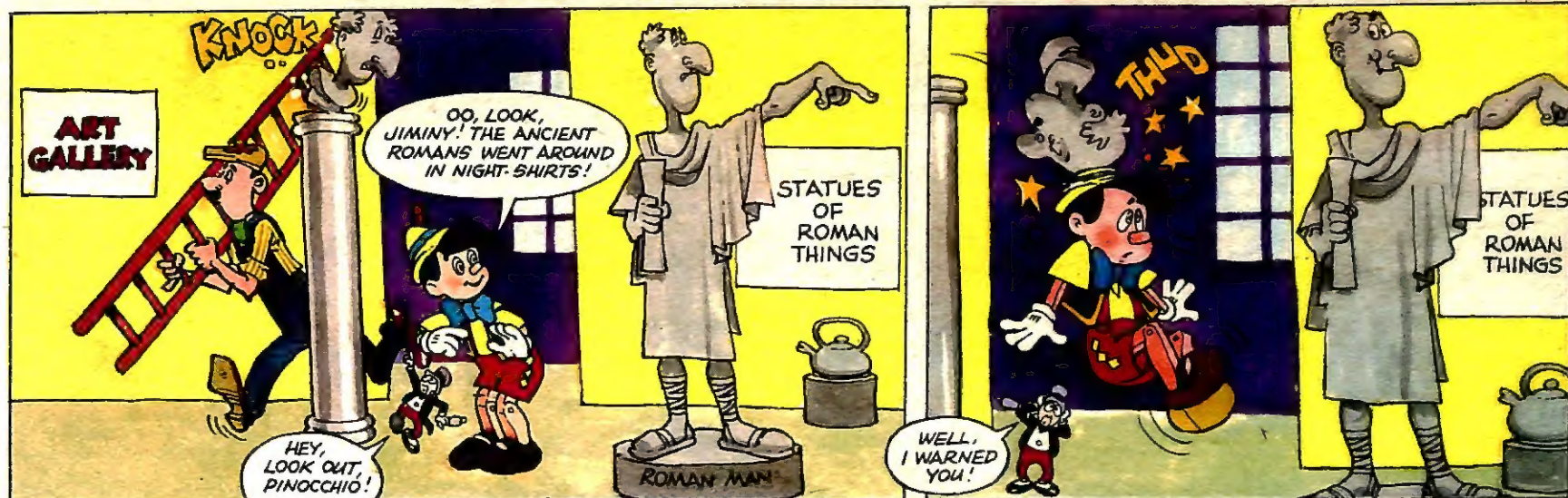


4. The butterflies all flew away  
And Alice rubbed her eyes.  
She then sat up, now wide awake  
’Neath early evening skies.  
“Tell me, sister,” Alice asked:  
“Why *did* the butter fly?”  
“Because it saw the cowslip, dear,”  
Was sister’s wise reply.



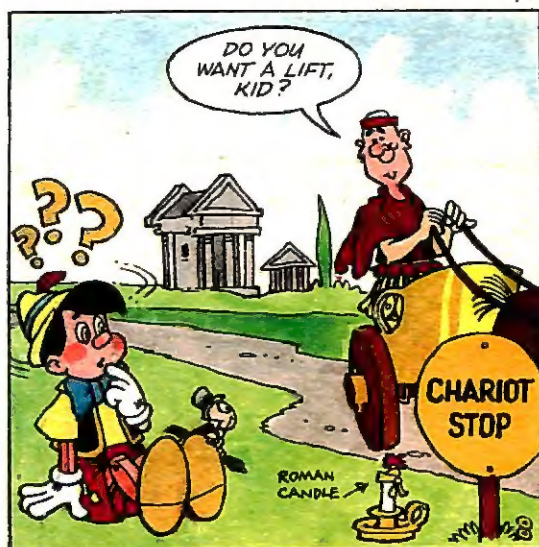


# THE PLAYFUL PRANKS OF **PINOCCHIO**



1. In Pino's land, close by the sea,  
There is a big Art Gallery,  
Filled with statues very rare  
And one day Pino went in there.

2. While Pino laughed at man in shirt,  
Along came window-cleaner Bert  
Who knocked a heavy marble bust  
A-thudding down on Pino's crust.



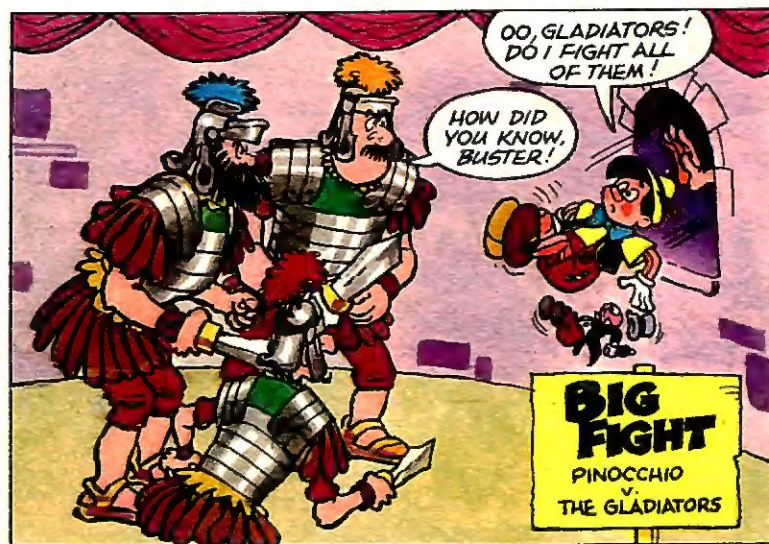
3. Pinocchio sat up in a dream  
Of ancient Rome (oh, what a scream!)  
Then up came man in two-wheeled van  
Who said: "Hop in, my little man!"



4. Our Pino climbed up on the cart  
Then Roman driver made a start  
And off he drove at speed so mad  
That fair shook up our little lad.



5. So Pino saw the sights of Rome  
Until he came to Emperor's home,  
Where chariot bounced so mighty hard,  
It flung lad out in palace yard.

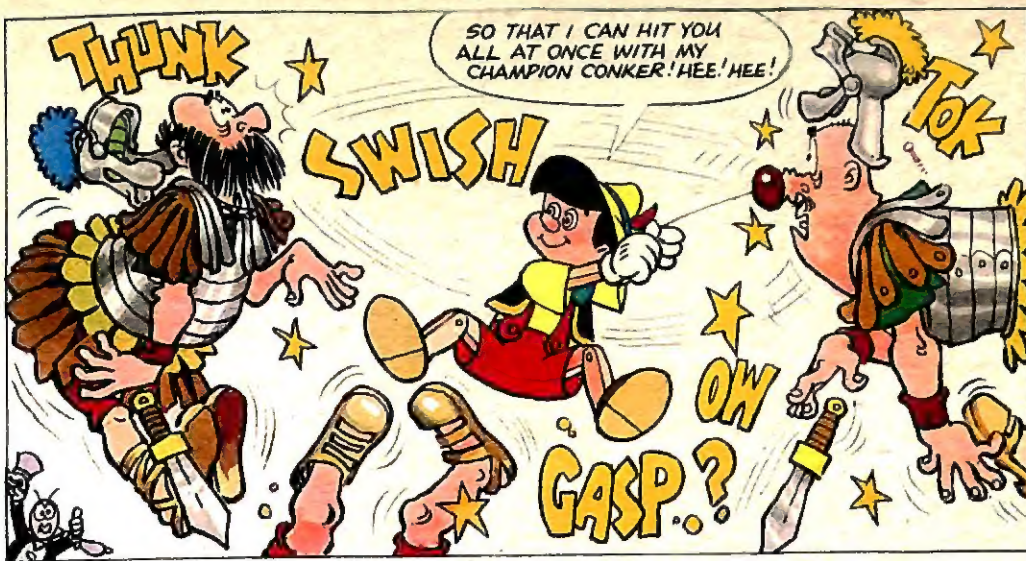


6. At palace window, lad peered in  
To watch the Emperor have his din,  
Which made the Emp so full of spite  
He sent the lad to fight a fight.

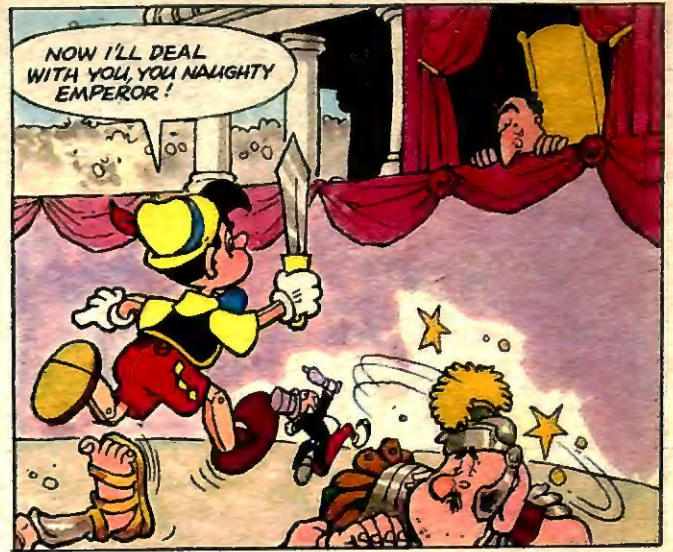


7. Before Pinocchio could say "Not me!"  
He found himself as you can see,  
With warriors who would fight for fun  
And there and then the fun begun





8. But Pino had a big surprise  
For there before their very eyes  
He brought out conker, hard and round,  
And knocked 'em crashing to the ground.



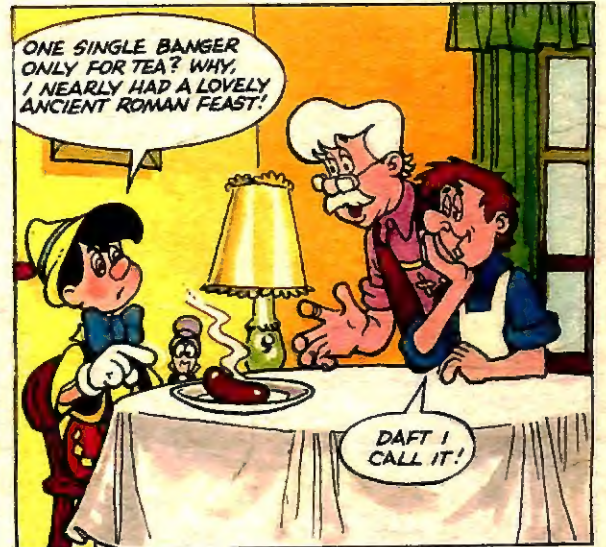
9. Then Pino, having given 'em socks,  
Grabbed sword and made for Emperor's box.  
Cried he "By gum, I'm feeling vexed,  
Emperor! It's your turn next!"



10. With sob in voice and tear in eye  
The Emperor gave a heart-broke cry  
Said he "Please, lad, if you'll spare me,  
That lovely grub is for your tea!"

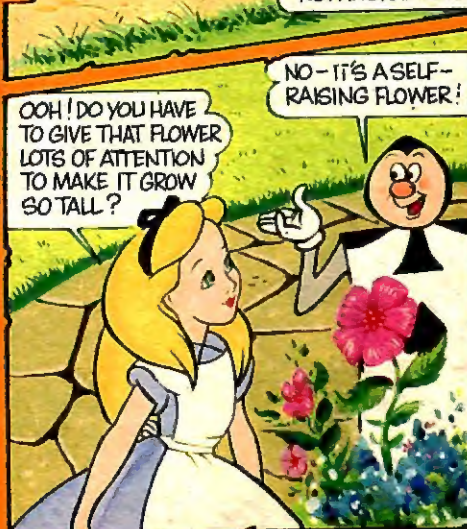
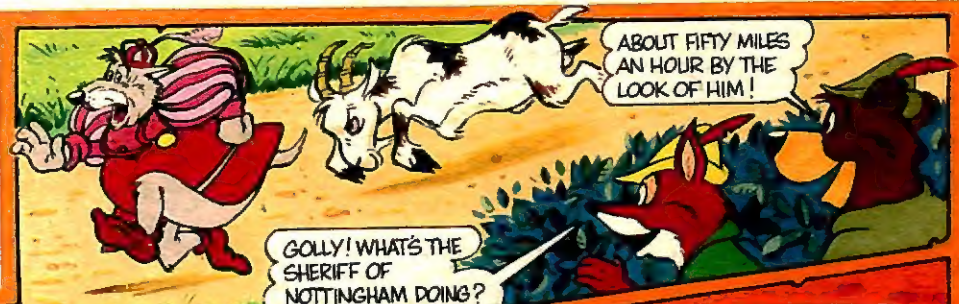


11. Cried Pino: "Emperor, now you're talking!"  
But a voice said: "Kid! Keep walking!  
The exit you will find this way  
We're closing gallery for the day!"



12. So home came Pino, then and there,  
And he could only sit and stare  
At lonely sausage—so he said  
"It's not a bit like Roman spread!"

## MICKEY'S MERRY MOMENTS





# ANIMALS

## OF OUR WONDERFUL WORLD

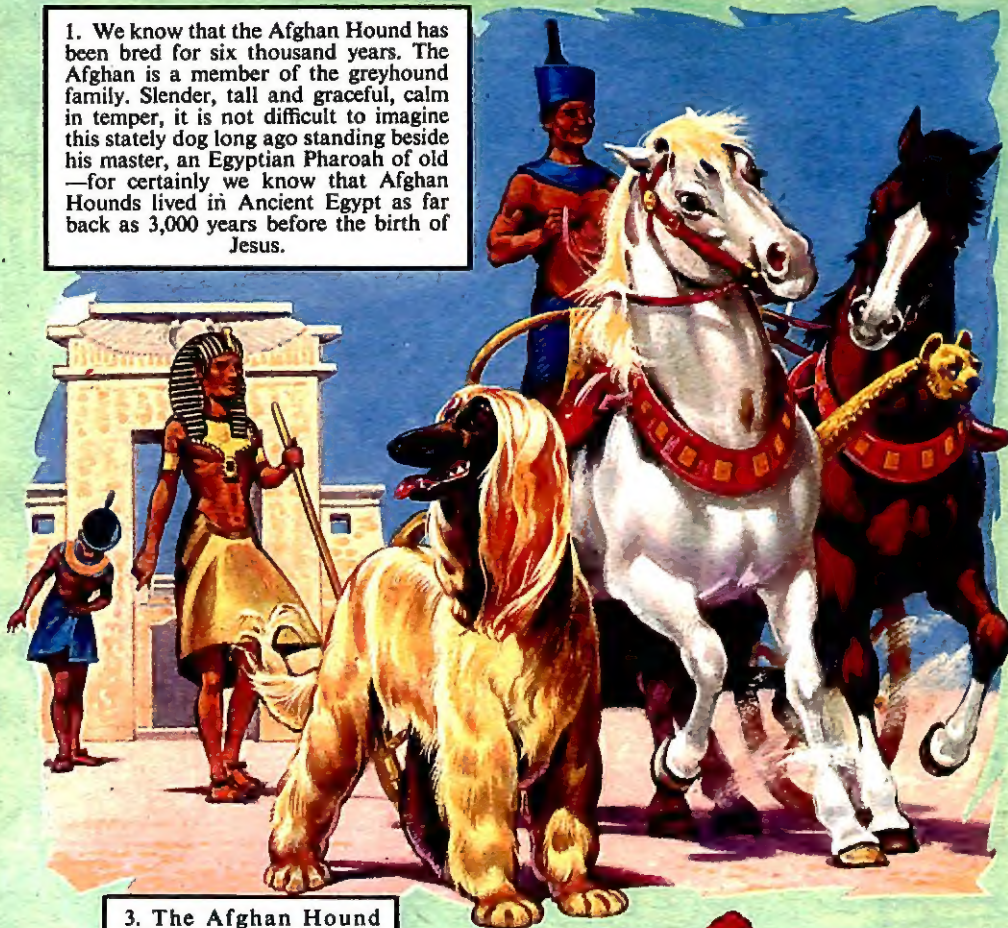
Many animals have been trained to serve Man in all his activities—horses, oxen, donkeys, camels, elephants, to name but a few. But there seems little doubt that the dog is Man's most faithful servant and friend. He will stand, staunch and true to his master in poverty or in wealth, in sickness or in health. He will lovingly nuzzle the hand that has no food to offer. When all other friends desert, he will remain loyal to the death.

When did this amazing friendship start? Nobody knows for the beginning is lost in the mists of time. But certainly dogs' skeletons have been found beside those of Stone Age man.

Here are some facts about two very different types of dogs.

## The AFGHAN HOUND

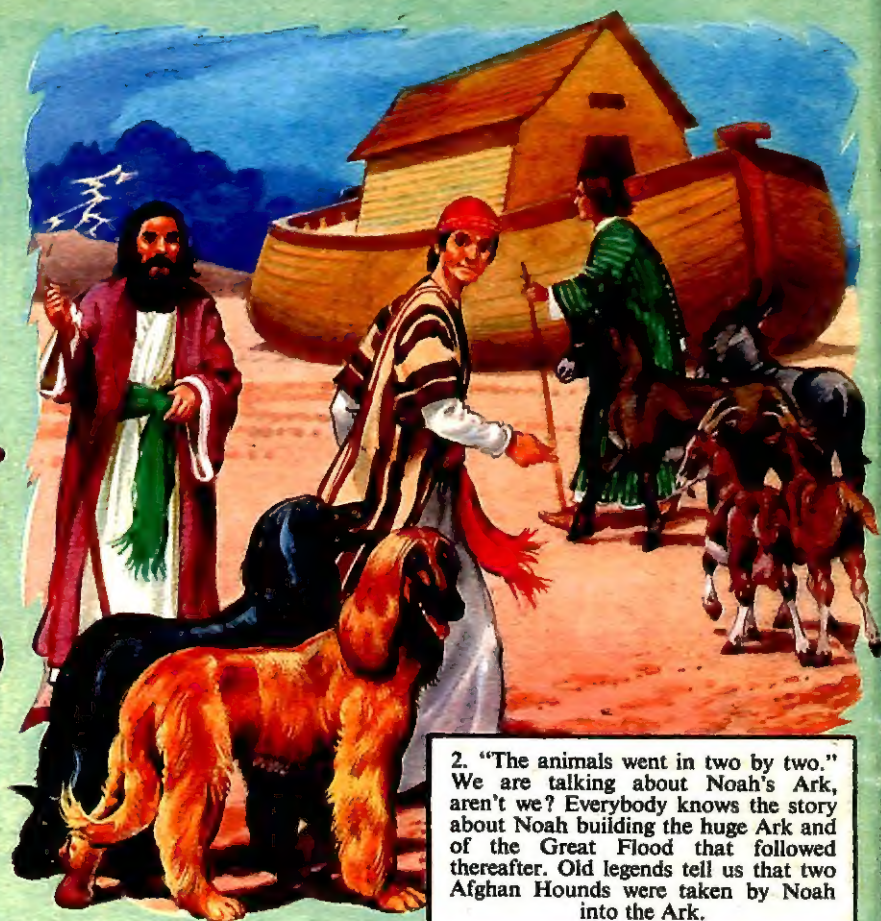
1. We know that the Afghan Hound has been bred for six thousand years. The Afghan is a member of the greyhound family. Slender, tall and graceful, calm in temper, it is not difficult to imagine this stately dog long ago standing beside his master, an Egyptian Pharaoh of old—for certainly we know that Afghan Hounds lived in Ancient Egypt as far back as 3,000 years before the birth of Jesus.



3. The Afghan Hound takes its name from the country of Afghanistan which lies between North East India and Russia. Ancient rock carvings, six thousand years old, have been found there, showing pictures of Afghan Hounds.



2. "The animals went in two by two." We are talking about Noah's Ark, aren't we? Everybody knows the story about Noah building the huge Ark and of the Great Flood that followed thereafter. Old legends tell us that two Afghan Hounds were taken by Noah into the Ark.



4. In olden days Afghan warriors used these dogs for hunting game for they are the fastest huddlers of all the hounds. During the last hundred years, the noble Afghan Hounds have become extremely well known all over the world. Today they are very popular indeed in Europe and America. Lucky you if your family own one of these splendid dogs.



# THE Malamute SLEDGE DOG of the SNOWS

5. In the Far North and Far South of our world lie great lands of everlasting snow and ice. Life there is very hard and the people who live there have to be very tough indeed. So must the animals. The people of the snows use sledges to transport their goods or to make long journeys. To pull those sledges, dogs are used. There are two breeds of such dogs—the Husky and the Malamute. Although they are much alike they should not be confused. We have chosen to tell you here about the Malamute.

6. The Malamute was the trusty servant of the Esquimo tribe of Malamutes (hence its name). They would take their dogs with them when they went out hunting seal.



7. It was in the year 1911 that the Malamute dog won world-wide fame. A Norwegian explorer named Roald Amundsen was planning to set out for the South Pole. Wisely he chose Malamute dogs to pull his sledges. He hoped to be the first man to reach there. At the same time, Captain Robert Scott of the British Royal Navy was also planning to journey to the South Pole. Scott decided to use ponies to haul his sledges but the snow and ice were too much for even these hardy animals. They broke down and Scott and his gallant friends died on the return journey. Amundsen was more successful.



8. It was the Norwegian who reached the South Pole first. On one occasion, while crossing a great gap in the ice, one of the party, a man named Hansen, fell but just managed to grab hold of his sledge which was bridging the gap. His dogs had crossed safely. Realising that something was wrong, the dogs became frightened and started to fight

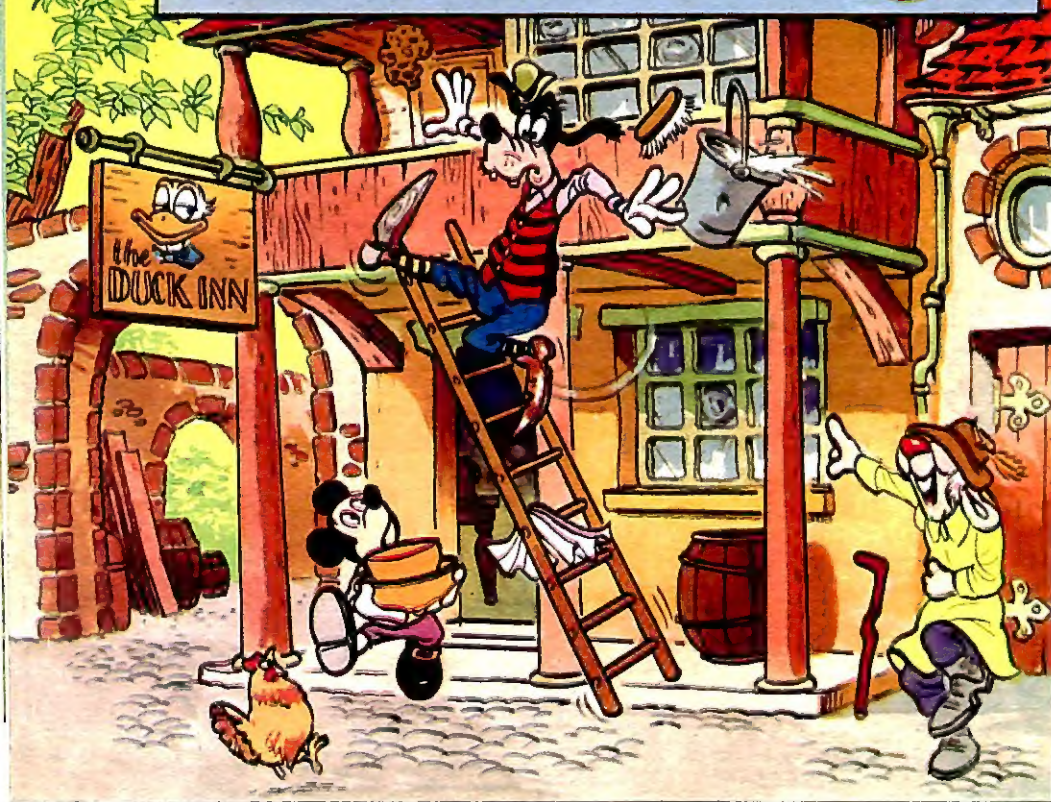
amongst themselves. It was a perilous moment indeed. If Hansen fell, he would never be seen again for the gap was hundreds of feet deep. Luckily one of his friends managed to calm the dogs while another companion threw Hansen a rope and hauled him to safety in the nick of time. It was an experience he was to remember all his life.



9. Amundsen took 52 dogs with him. Only 18 were still alive when the Norwegians reached the South Pole. When Amundsen finally returned to his starting point, he had with him only 12 of the 52 dogs he had set out with—but the Malamutes had earned for themselves an undying fame. Without his dogs, Amundsen would never have reached the South Pole and lived.



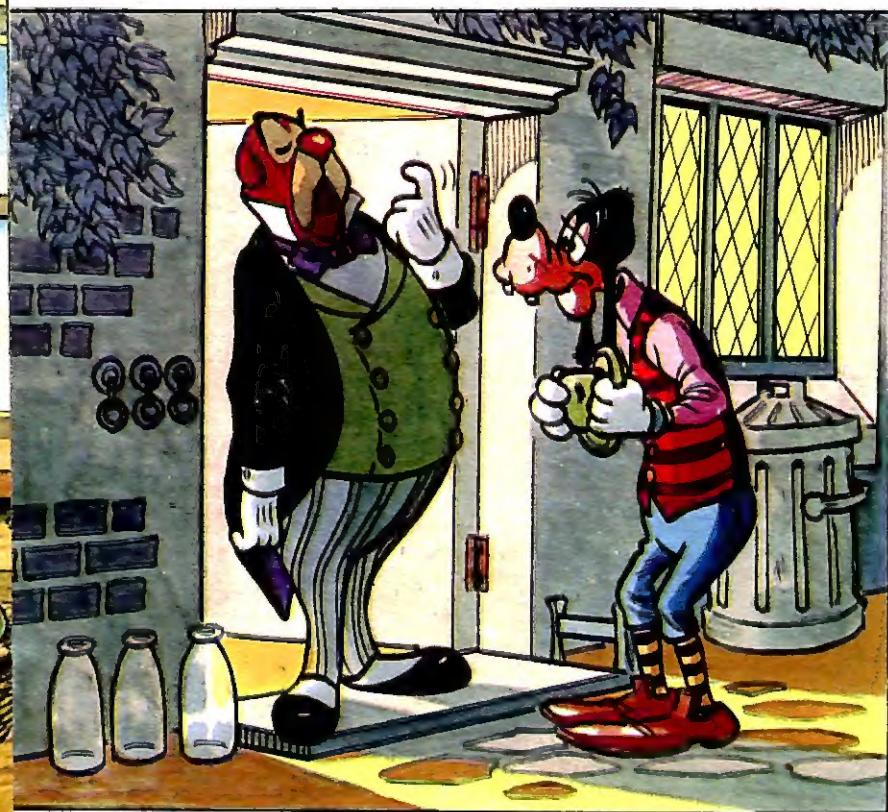
# "Call Me Early!"



1. Once upon a time in the days of long ago, when the summers were always long and hot and dry and the winters were even longer and cold and wet, there was an innkeeper named Mickey. He had a servant named Goofy working for him—and Goofy, although a very friendly happy-go-lucky fellow, was also rather simple and rather stupid. Mickey, his master, had always put up with his silly ways with great patience, and then upon a certain day Goofy went up a ladder to clean the upstairs windows of the old inn. Ten minutes later he slipped and fell. Luckily for him his fall was broken.

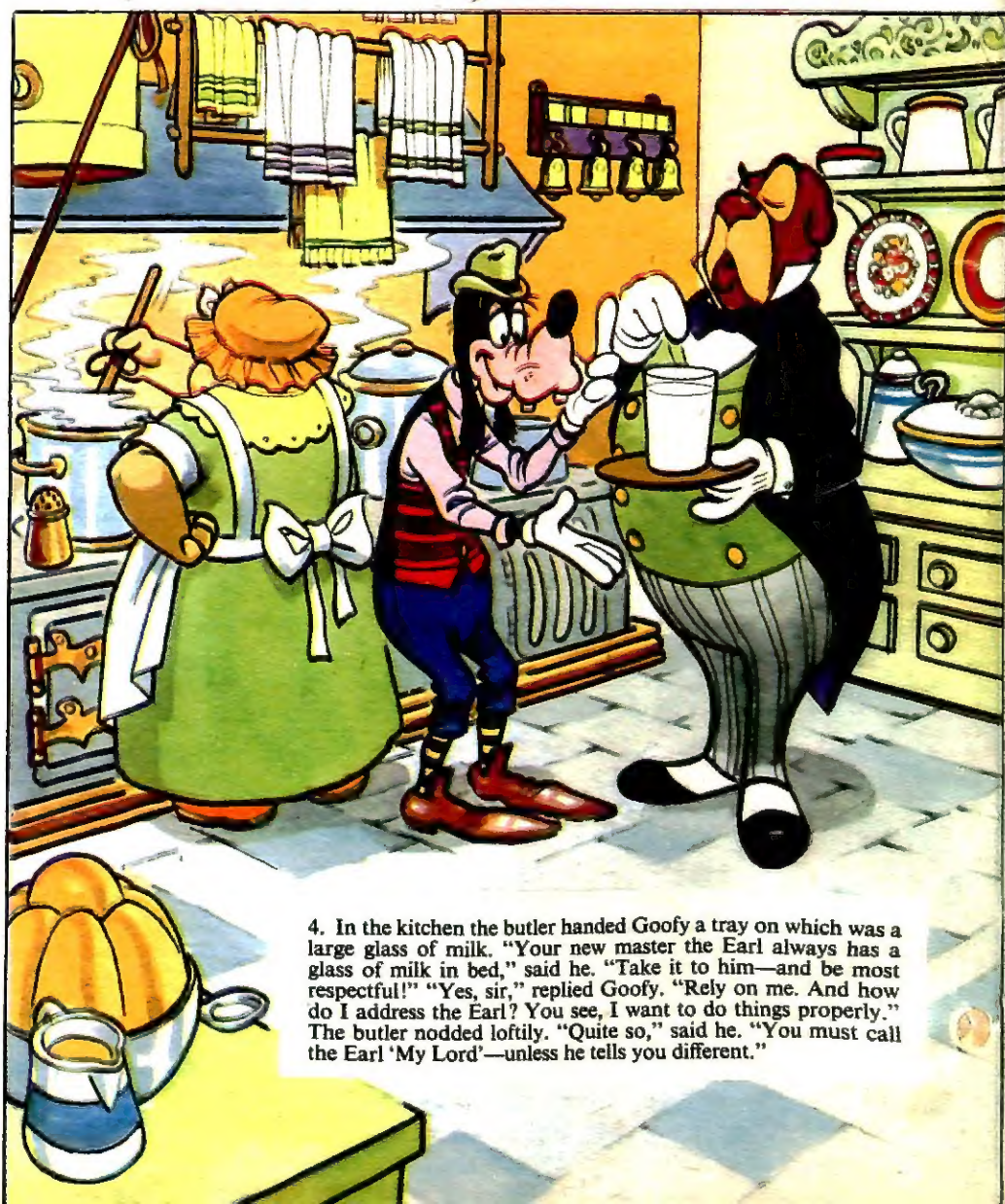


2. Lucky for Goofy but unlucky for Mickey! "Goofy!" roared Mickey. "You're fired!" Goofy wiped a tear from his eye. "Aw, shucks, master," quoth he, "don't say that. Give me one more chance." "This is the thirty-third chance I've given you," roared Mickey. "The thirty-third chance and NOT since the beginning of the year, NOT since the beginning of the month, NOT since the beginning of the week—BUT since this morning! No, no, Goofy! You must go!"



3. "But I've never worked for anyone else but you, master," wept Goofy, "what am I to do?" Mickey glared at his ex-servant. "The Earl of Earwig is looking for a new footman, Goofy," said he. "I'm sure that if you apply for the job you'll get it." Poor Goofy nodded miserably and trailed away. "Goodbye," he called back to Mickey. "Goodbye—and good riddance!" snapped Mickey as he limped indoors.

Sadly Goofy made his way to Earwig Hall. It was nightfall when he arrived. At the servants' entrance, he spoke to the Earl's butler. "Yes, we are looking for a new footman," said the haughty butler. "Come in! You can start work right away."



4. In the kitchen the butler handed Goofy a tray on which was a large glass of milk. "Your new master the Earl always has a glass of milk in bed," said he. "Take it to him—and be most respectful!" "Yes, sir," replied Goofy. "Rely on me. And how do I address the Earl? You see, I want to do things properly." The butler nodded loftily. "Quite so," said he. "You must call the Earl 'My Lord'—unless he tells you different."

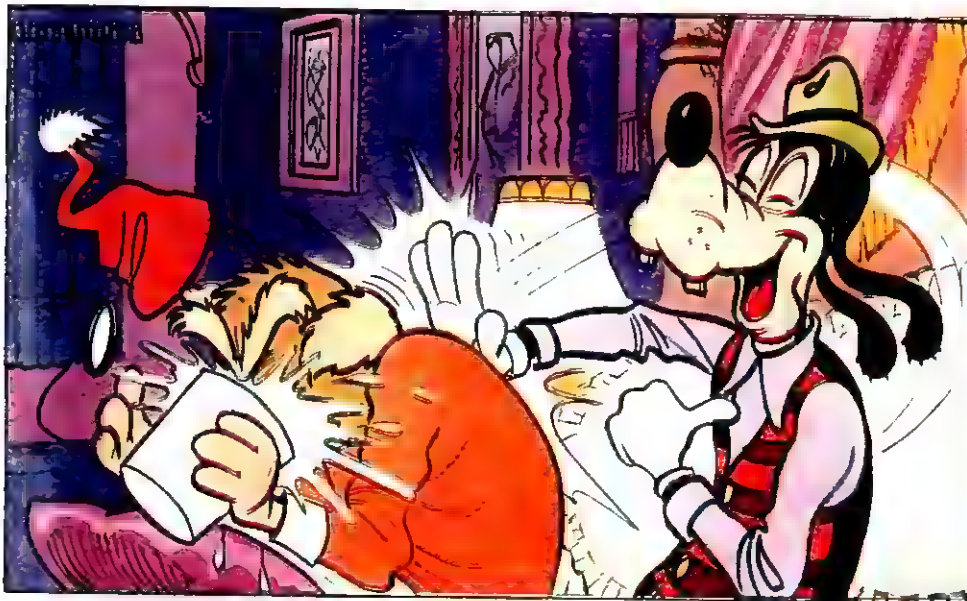




5. As Goofy made his way towards the Earl's bedroom he was speaking to himself—and this is what he said: "Huh! So you soon found yourself another job, Goofy. What a clever chap you are! Now to show your old master Mickey that you can do without him!" He knocked on the Earl's bedroom door. "Fancy me the footman of the Earl of Earwig," he chuckled to himself. "Who'd have thought it?" Then he entered. There in a magnificent four-poster bed sat the Earl reading a book. He glared at Goofy. "Who are you?" he bawled.



6. "I'm your new footman, my lord," said Goofy, "and I've brought you your glass of milk." The Earl of Earwig grunted bad-temperedly, and reaching out, took the big glass of milk. "Never could stand fellers with big ears and big feet," said he, glaring at Goofy. "Now listen to me, you. I want you to call me early." Goofy blinked. Fancy! The Earl of Earwig wanted him to call him Earlie! How friendly of him. Goofy laughed and leaping into the air, clapped his feet together with glee. "Ha! Ha!" he shouted. "All pals together, eh? Right, chum! I'll call you Earlie and you can call me Pie-face!"



7. "Eh?" bawled the Earl. He couldn't believe his ears. The next moment Goofy whacked him on the back—and the Earl buried his nose in his milk. "GLUG!" glugged he, while Goofy laughed: "You know, Earlie, as soon as I came into this room I said to myself: Now he's a matey old buffer! And I was right, wasn't I? I'm so glad we're going to be friends!"

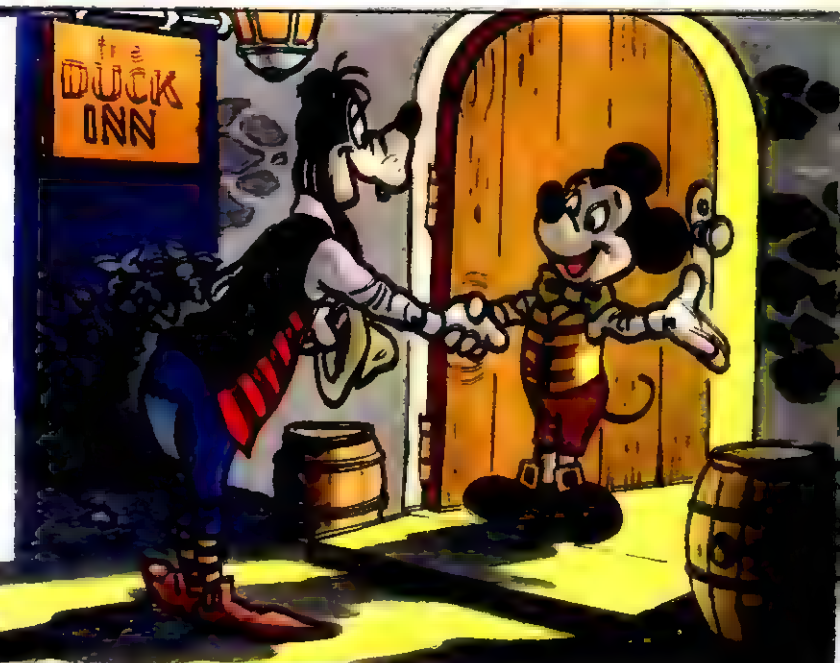


8. Nobody was more surprised than Goofy when the Earl leaped out of bed and swiped him mightily with a pillow. "Gad, sir!" screamed the Earl. "You're a bouncer, sir, that's what you are. How very very dare you to speak to me like that? Don't you know I'm the Earl of Earwig, one of the upper crusts? You can't do it! It's not allowed? It's against union rules! YOU'RE FIRED!"



9. So Goofy was kicked out of Earwig Hall, out into the cold night.

10. No home to go to! What could poor Goofy do? He sighed: "I'd better go back to the Duck Inn and my old master Mickey." When Goofy knocked on the door of the old inn, expecting Mickey to be very angry with him, he was astonished. Mickey greeted him with a happy smile. "Come in Goofy," said Mickey. "You don't know how dull it's been here today since you left. I've decided I can't live without your stupid tricks. Come and make yourself at home. Come in and be happy ever after." So Goofy went in and lived happily at the Duck Inn for ever and a day.





# The HORSESHOE and the CHERRIES



1. Once upon a time there lived, in the beautiful country of Spain, a hardworking woodcutter known to all, near and far, as Pedro of the Axe. He lived with his wife and son in a little cottage which was on the edge of a great forest. Every morning early, he went into the forest to fell the trees and saw them into logs. Some of the logs he chopped up and made into bundles, and folk came from miles around to buy his firewood for the long cold winter days and evenings. Now Pedro had a son named Cuto, and although Cuto was old enough to help his father, he would play his guitar all day, while Pedro worked for hour after hour in the forest.



2. The truth was that Cuto was lazy, and liked nothing better than to spend his entire day singing and playing his guitar and generally taking things easily. Over and over again Cuto's father asked his son to help him with felling the trees, but Cuto always managed to think up some good excuse. He was encouraged in his laziness by his mother, who loved him more than was good for him. She did not want to see her son working hard and earning his living as a woodcutter. "Maybe Cuto will be a musician one day," she said, "so I think he should be allowed to live a life of ease and comfort."



3. "One of these days," decided Pedro, "I'll teach that young son of mine a lesson. It is not good for anyone to be so idle and good-for-nothing." Well, Pedro *did* manage to teach Cuto a lesson, and this is how it happened.

One boiling hot day, Pedro went to visit his old father, who was a well-to-do farmer. Cuto went along with Pedro, because he knew that there was always a splendid meal to be had at his grandfather's farm. Sure enough, when they arrived, they found that the old man had made a great feast for them. Cuto hardly waited to say hallo to his grandfather before he sat down at the table and began to stuff himself with good food. Pedro was angry, but the old man smiled happily for he was glad to see them both.

4. After the meal, Cuto lay down in a corner and tried to sleep. He was as greedy as he was lazy, and he had eaten far too much. Pedro and his old father sat in the shade talking, but at last Pedro got up and said, "Father, it is time we were on our way. We have a long walk ahead of us, so I will wake Cuto and we will say goodbye."

Cuto was not pleased to be woken but he staggered out and began to walk down the lane with his father. The sun was still high in the sky, and it was very, very hot. Cuto mopped his brow wearily and wished that he had not eaten so much. Pedro smiled quietly to himself. He could see that Cuto was already feeling very uncomfortable. "Perhaps this is the day when my son will be taught a fine lesson," he thought as he strode along.







5. They had not walked very far when Pedro pointed to the ground. "See," said he, "a horse-shoe. Pick it up, my boy, and put it in your pocket." Cuto grunted angrily. "Why should I bother with an old horse-shoe?" said he. "What use is it? Let it lie there." But Pedro stooped and picked it up.



6. He didn't say a word, but when a little while later they passed a blacksmith's shop, Pedro went in. He came out jingling a few coins in his pocket. "I sold the horse-shoe to the blacksmith," he said. "It's a good thing I picked it up after all, because I had forgotten to bring any money with me. Now we have a little, in case there is anything we need to buy." Cuto just scowled. He couldn't be bothered with horse-shoes—he just wanted to get home where it would be cool and his mother would be waiting to look after him.



8. The two still had a long way to go. As far as they could see there was no sign of a house or a stream where Cuto could quench his thirst. "Give me a cherry, please father," said he. Pedro took a cherry from the basket and was about to give it to his son when he changed his mind. Deliberately he dropped the cherry in the road. Cuto didn't hesitate. He was so thirsty, he bent down straight away, picked up the dusty cherry, wiped it and popped it into his mouth.



7. They walked on. Cuto now began to feel very, very thirsty for the sun was shining hotter than ever. So you can understand how pleased he was when they met a countrywoman carrying a basket full of juicy red cherries. With the few coins he had taken from the blacksmith in exchange for the horse-shoe, Pedro was able to buy the whole basketful of cherries. "You see, my son," said he, "that it was a good thing I stooped to pick up the horse-shoe after all." But Cuto took no notice of his father.



9. Of course, one cherry did little to quench Cuto's thirst. "Please give me more cherries," he begged, so his father dropped another cherry on the ground. Once again, Cuto had to stoop to pick it up. By now he was very angry but his father would not pass any cherries to him, Pedro kept on dropping them into the dusty road and Cuto was far too thirsty to refuse to pick them up. For the rest of the journey home, Pedro allowed the cherries to drop one by one until the basket was empty.



10. By the time they got home, Cuto could not walk another step. He was more tired than he had ever been in his life before. Pedro looked at him and said: "You were too lazy to stoop and pick up the horse-shoe. But if you *had* picked it up, you would only have had to bend down once, for *you* could have sold the horse-shoe and bought the cherries. You have been taught a badly-needed lesson today, my son, and I hope for your own sake you will not be so lazy from now on. For, Cuto, I need your help very badly." Cuto felt ashamed, and from then on he was the best of all sons to his father, and was lazy no longer.





# The House at Pooh Corner

BY A. A. MILNE

In which it is shown that Tiggers don't climb trees

One day when Pooh was thinking, he thought he would go and see Eeyore, because he hadn't seen him since yesterday. And as he walked through the heather, singing to himself, he suddenly remembered that he hadn't seen Owl since the day before yesterday, so he thought that he would just look in at the Hundred Acre Wood on the way and see if Owl was at home.

Well, he went on singing, until he came to the part of the stream where the stepping-stones were, and when he was in the middle of the third stone he began to wonder how Kanga and Roo and Tigger were getting on, because they all lived together in a different part of the Forest. And he

thought, "I haven't seen Roo for a long time, and if I don't see him today it will be a still longer time." So he sat down on the stone in the middle of the stream, and sang another verse of his song, while he wondered what to do.

The other verse of the song was like this:

I could spend a happy morning  
Seeing Roo,  
I could spend a happy morning  
Being Pooh.  
For it doesn't seem to matter,  
If I don't get any fatter  
(And I *don't* get any fatter),  
What I do.

The sun was so delightfully warm, and the stone, which had been sitting in it for a long time, was so warm, too, that Pooh had almost decided to go on being Pooh in the middle of the stream for the rest of the morning, when he remembered Rabbit.

"Rabbit," said Pooh to himself. "I *like* talking to Rabbit. He talks about sensible things. He doesn't use long, difficult words, like Owl. He uses short, easy words, like 'What about lunch?' and 'Help yourself, Pooh.' I suppose, *really*, I ought to go and see Rabbit."

Which made him think of another verse:

Oh, I like his way of talking,  
Yes, I do.  
It's the nicest way of talking  
Just for two.

And a Help-yourself with Rabbit  
Though it may become a habit,  
Is a *pleasant* sort of habit  
For a Pooh.

So when he had sung this, he got up off his stone, walked back across the stream, and set off for Rabbit's house.

But he hadn't got far before he began to say to himself:

"Yes, but suppose Rabbit is out?"

"Or suppose I get stuck in his front door again, coming out, as I did once when his front door wasn't big enough?"

"Because I *know* I'm not getting fatter, but his front door may be getting thinner."

"So wouldn't it be better if—"

And all the time he was saying things like this he was going more and more westerly, without thinking . . . until suddenly he found himself at his own front door again.

And it was eleven o'clock.

Which was Time-for-a-little-something. . .

Half an hour later he was doing what he had always really meant to do, he was stumping off to Piglet's house. And as he walked, he wiped his mouth with the back of his paw, and sang rather a fluffy song through the fur. It went like this:

I could spend a happy morning  
Seeing Piglet.  
And I couldn't spend a happy morning  
Not seeing Piglet.  
And it doesn't seem to matter  
If I don't see Owl and Eeyore (or any of  
the others),  
And I'm not going to see Owl or Eeyore  
(or any of the others),  
Or Christopher Robin.

Written down like this, it doesn't seem a very good song; but coming through pale fawn fluff at about half-past eleven on a very sunny morning, it seemed to Pooh to be one of the best songs he had ever sung. So he went on singing it.

Piglet was busy digging a small hole in the ground outside his house.

"Hallo, Piglet," said Pooh.

"Hallo, Pooh," said Piglet, giving a jump of surprise. "I knew it was you."

"So did I," said Pooh. "What are you doing?"

"I'm planting a haycorn, Pooh, so that it can grow up into an oak-tree, and have lots of haycorns just outside the front door instead of having to walk miles and miles, do you see, Pooh?"

"Supposing it doesn't?" said Pooh.

"It will, because Christopher Robin says it will, so that's why I'm planting it."

"Well," said Pooh, "if I plant a honeycomb outside my house, then it will grow up into a beehive."

Piglet wasn't quite sure about this.

"Or a *piece* of a honeycomb," said Pooh, "so as not to waste too much. Only then I might only get a piece of a beehive, and it might be the wrong piece, where the bees were buzzing and not hunnying. Bother."





Piglet agreed that that would be rather bothering.

"Besides, Pooh, it's a very difficult thing, planting, unless you know how to do it," he said; and he put the acorn in the hole he had made, and covered it up with earth, and jumped on it.

"I do know," said Pooh, "because Christopher Robin gave me a mastershalum seed, and I planted it, and I'm going to have mastershalums all over the front door."

"I thought they were called nasturtiums," said Piglet timidly, as he went on jumping.

"No," said Pooh. "Not these. These are called mastershalums."

When Piglet had finished jumping, he wiped his paws on his front, and said, "What shall we do now?" and Pooh said, "Let's go and see Kanga and Roo and Tigger," and Piglet said, "Y-yes. L-let's"—because he was still a little anxious about Tigger, who was a very Bouncy Animal, with a way of saying How-do-you-do, which always left your ears full of sand, even after Kanga had said, "Gently, Tigger dear," and had helped you up again. So they set off for Kanga's house.

\* \* \* \*

Now it happened that Kanga had felt rather motherly that morning, and Wanting to Count Things—like Roo's vests, and how many pieces of soap there were left, and the two clean spots in Tigger's feeder; so she had sent them out with a packet of watercress sandwiches for Roo and a packet of extract-of-malt sandwiches for Tigger, to have a nice long morning in the Forest not getting into mischief.

And off they had gone.

And as they went, Tigger told Roo (who wanted to know) all about the things that Tiggers could do.

"Can they fly?" asked Roo.

"Yes," said Tigger. "They're very good flyers, Tiggers are. Strornry good flyers."

"Oo!" said Roo. "Can they fly as well as Owl?"

"Yes," said Tigger. "Only they don't want to."

"Why don't they want to?"

"Well, they just don't like it, somehow."

Roo couldn't understand this, because he thought it would be lovely to be able to fly, but Tigger said it was difficult to explain to anybody who wasn't a Tigger himself.

"Well," said Roo, "can they jump as far as Kangas?"

"Yes," said Tigger. "When they want to."

"I love jumping," said Roo. "Let's see who can jump farthest, you or me."

"I can," said Tigger. "But we mustn't stop now, or we shall be late."

"Late for what?"

"For whatever we want to be in time for," said Tigger, hurrying on.

In a little while they came to the Six Pine Trees.

"I can swim," said Roo. "I fell into the river, and I swam. Can Tiggers swim?"

"Of course they can. Tiggers can do everything."

"Can they climb trees better than Pooh?" asked Roo, stopping under the tallest Pine Tree, and looking up at it.



"Climbing trees is what they do best," said Tigger. "Much better than Poohs."

"Could they climb this one?"

"They're always climbing trees like that," said Tigger. "Up and down all day."

"Oh, Tigger, are they really?"

"I'll show you," said Tigger bravely, "and you can sit on my back and watch me." For of all the things which he had said Tiggers could do, the only one he felt really certain about suddenly was climbing trees.

"Oo, Tigger—oo, Tigger—oo, Tigger!" squeaked Roo excitedly.

So he sat on Tigger's back and up they went.

And for the first ten feet Tigger said happily to himself, "Up we go!"

And for the next ten feet he said:

"I always said Tiggers could climb trees."

And for the next ten feet he said:

"Not that it's easy, mind you."

And for the next ten feet he said:

"Of course, there's the coming-down too. Backwards."

And then he said:

"Which will be difficult . . ."

"Unless one fell . . ."

"When it would be . . ."

"EASY."

And at the word "easy", the branch he was standing on broke suddenly and he just managed to clutch at the one above him as he felt himself going . . . and then slowly he got his chin over it . . . and then one back paw . . . and then the other . . . until at last he was sitting on it, breathing very quickly, and wishing that he had gone in for swimming instead.

Roo climbed off, and sat down next to him.

"Oo, Tigger," he said excitedly, "are we at the top?"

"No," said Tigger.

"Are we going to the top?"

"No," said Tigger.

"Oh!" said Roo rather sadly. And then he went on hopefully: "That was a lovely bit just now, when you pretended we were going to fall-bump-to-the-bottom, and we didn't. Will you do that bit again?"

Roo was silent for a little while, and then he said, "Shall we eat our sandwiches, Tigger?" And Tigger said, "Yes, where are they?" And Roo said, "At the bottom of the tree." And Tigger said, "I don't think we'd better eat them just yet." So they didn't.

\* \* \* \*

By-and-by Pooh and Piglet came along. Pooh was telling Piglet in a singing voice that it didn't seem to matter, if he didn't get any fatter, and he didn't *think* he was getting any fatter, what he did; and Piglet was wondering how long it would be before his haycorn came up.

"Look, Pooh!" said Piglet suddenly. "There's something in one of the Pine Trees."

"So there is!" said Pooh, looking up wonderingly.

"There's an Animal."

Piglet took Pooh's arm, in case Pooh was frightened.

"Is it One of the Fiercer Animals?" he said, looking the other way.

Pooh nodded.

"It's a Jagular," he said.

"What do Jagulars do?" asked Piglet, hoping that they wouldn't.

"They hide in the branches of trees, and drop on you as you go underneath," said Pooh.

"Christopher Robin told me."

"Perhaps we better hadn't go underneath, Pooh. In case he dropped and hurt himself."

"They don't hurt themselves," said Pooh.

"They're such very good droppers."

Piglet still felt that to be underneath a Very Good Dropper would be a Mistake, and he was just going to hurry back for something which he had forgotten when the Jagular called out to them.

"Help! Help!" it called.

"That's what Jagulars always do," said Pooh, much interested. "They call 'Help! Help!' and then when you look up, they drop on you."

"I'm looking down," cried Piglet loudly, so as the Jagular shouldn't do the wrong thing by accident.

Something very excited next to the Jagular heard him, and squeaked:

"Pooh and Piglet! Pooh and Piglet!"

All of a sudden Piglet felt that it was a much nicer day than he had thought it was. All warm and sunny—

"Pooh!" he cried. "I believe it's Tigger and Roo!"

"So it is," said Pooh. "I thought it was a Jagular and another Jagular."

"Hallo, Roo!" called Piglet. "What are you doing?"

"We can't get down, we can't get down!" cried Roo. "Isn't it fun? Pooh, isn't it fun, Tigger and I are living in a tree, like Owl, and we're going to stay here for ever and ever. I can see Piglet's house. Piglet, I can see your house from here. Aren't we







high? Is Owl's house as high up as this?"

"How did you get there, Roo?" asked Piglet.

"On Tigger's back! And Tiggers can't climb downwards, because their tails get in the way, only upwards, and Tigger forgot about that when we started, and he's only just remembered. So we've got to stay here for ever and ever—unless we go higher. What did you say, Tigger? Oh, Tigger says if we go higher we shan't be able to see Piglet's house so well, so we're going to stop here."

"Piglet," said Pooh solemnly, when he had heard all this, "what shall we do?" And he began to eat Tigger's sandwiches.

"Are they stuck?" asked Piglet anxiously.

Pooh nodded.

"Couldn't you climb up to them?"

"I might, Piglet, and I might bring Roo down on my back, but I couldn't bring Tigger down. So we must think of something else." And in a thoughtful way he began to eat Roo's sandwiches, too.

\* \* \* \*

Whether he would have thought of anything before he had finished the last sandwich, I don't know, but he had just got to the last but one when there was a crackling in the bracken, and Christopher Robin and Eeyore came strolling along together.

"I shouldn't be surprised if it hailed a good deal

tomorrow," Eeyore was saying. "Blizzards and what-not. Being fine today doesn't Mean Anything. It has no sig—what's the word? Well, it has none of that. It's just a small piece of weather."

"There's Pooh!" said Christopher Robin, who didn't much mind *what* it did tomorrow, as long as he was out in it. "Hallo, Pooh!"

"It's Christopher Robin!" said Piglet. "He'll know what to do."

They hurried up to him.

"Oh, Christopher Robin," began Pooh.

"And Eeyore," said Eeyore.

"Tigger and Roo are right up the Six Pine Trees, and they can't get down, and—"

"And I was just saying," put in Piglet, "that if only Christopher Robin—"

"And Eeyore—"

"If only you were here, then we could think of something to do."

Christopher Robin looked up at Tigger and Roo, and tried to think of something.

"I thought," said Piglet earnestly, "that if Eeyore stood at the bottom of the tree, and if Pooh stood on Eeyore's back, and if I stood on Pooh's shoulders—"

"And if Eeyore's back snapped suddenly, then we could all laugh. Ha ha! Amusing in a quiet way," said Eeyore, "but not really helpful."

"Well," said Piglet meekly, "I thought—"

"Would it break your back, Eeyore?" asked Pooh, very much surprised.

"That's what would be so interesting, Pooh. Not being quite sure till afterwards."

Pooh said "Oh!" and they all began to think again.

"I've got an idea!" cried Christopher Robin suddenly.

"Listen to this, Piglet," said Eeyore, "and then you'll know what we're trying to do."

"I'll take off my tunic and we'll each hold a corner, and then Roo and Tigger can jump into it, and it will be all soft and bouncy for them, and they won't hurt themselves."

"Getting Tigger down," said Eeyore, "and *Not hurting anybody*. Keep those two ideas in your head, Piglet, and you'll be all right."

But Piglet wasn't listening, he was so agog at the thought of seeing Christopher Robin's blue braces again.

He had only seen them once before, when he was much younger, and, being a little over-excited by them, had had to go to bed half an hour earlier than usual; and he had always wondered since if they were *really* as blue and as bracing as he had thought them.

So when Christopher Robin took his tunic off, and they were, he felt quite friendly to Eeyore again, and held the corner of the tunic next to him and smiled happily at him.

And Eeyore whispered back: "I'm not saying there won't be an Accident *now*, mind you. They're funny things, Accidents. You never have them until you're having them."

When Roo understood what he had to do, he was wildly excited, and cried out: "Tigger, Tigger, we're going to jump! Look at me jumping, Tigger! Like flying, my jumping will be. Can Tiggers do it?" And he squeaked out: "I'm coming, Christopher Robin!" and he jumped—straight into the middle of the tunic. And he was going so fast that he bounced up again almost as high as where he was before—and went on bouncing and saying, "Oo!" for quite a long time—and then at last he stopped and said, "Oo, lovely!" And they put him on the ground.

"Come on, Tigger," he called out. "It's easy."

But Tigger was holding on to the branch and saying to himself: "It's all very well for Jumping Animals like Kangas, but it's quite different for Swimming Animals like Tiggers." And he thought of himself floating on his back down a river, or striking out from one island to another, and he felt that that was really the life for a Tigger.

"Come along," called Christopher Robin. "You'll be all right."

"Just wait a moment," said Tigger nervously. "Small piece of bark in my eye." And he moved slowly along his branch.

"Come on, it's easy!" squeaked Roo. And suddenly Tigger found how easy it was.

"Ow!" he shouted as the tree flew past him.

"Look out!" cried Christopher Robin to the others.

There was a crash, and a tearing noise, and a confused heap of everybody on the ground.

Christopher Robin and Pooh and Piglet picked themselves up first, and then they picked Tigger up, and underneath everybody else was Eeyore.

"Oh, Eeyore!" cried Christopher Robin. "Are you hurt?" And he felt him rather anxiously, and dusted him and helped him to stand up again.

Eeyore said nothing for a long time. And then he said: "Is Tigger there?"

Tigger was there, feeling Bouncy again already.

"Yes," said Christopher Robin. "Tigger's here."

"Well, just thank him for me," said Eeyore.

~~~~~  
We hope you all like these wonderful stories about Winnie-the-Pooh and Eeyore and Tigger and Kanga and Roo and Owl and Piglet and Christopher Robin. (Did we leave anybody out?)

Next week there will be yet another funny tale about all these nice people.

Does that seem a very long time to wait for more Pooh? It does? Well, on the next page there is more Winnie-the-Pooh for you—a little poem that maybe you would like to learn by heart.

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# When Winnie-the-Pooh got in but couldn't get out!

Once upon a week last Thursday, Winnie-the-Pooh went to visit his furry friend, the Rabbit. Of course, being Pooh, he managed to get in the Rabbit's burrow without any trouble. But when he came to get out—well, bless your bedsocks, that was another story because Winnie-the-Pooh got stuck! Do you remember the story? It was in the very first number of "The Wonderful World of Disney."

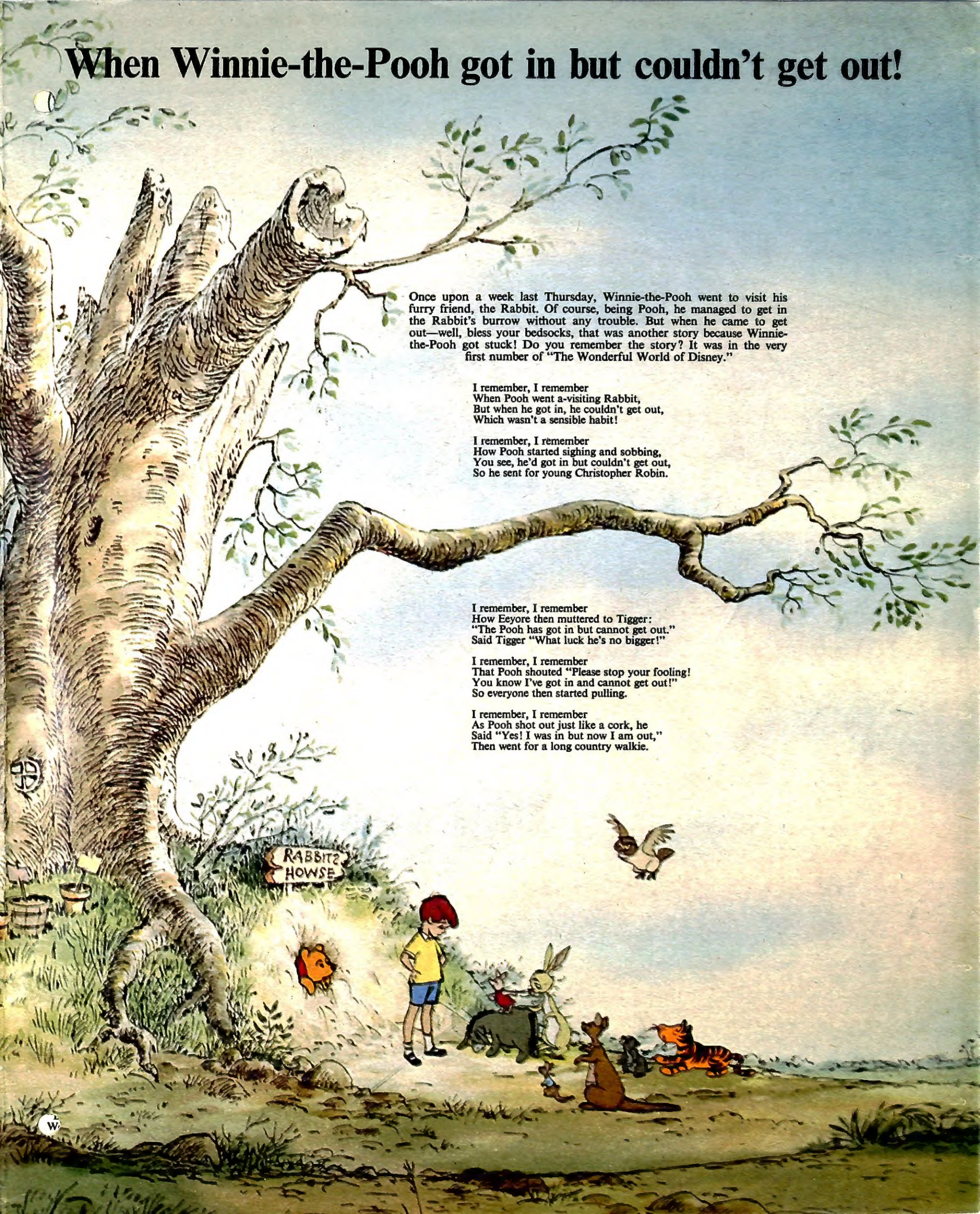
I remember, I remember  
When Pooh went a-visiting Rabbit,  
But when he got in, he couldn't get out,  
Which wasn't a sensible habit!

I remember, I remember  
How Pooh started sighing and sobbing,  
You see, he'd got in but couldn't get out,  
So he sent for young Christopher Robin.

I remember, I remember  
How Eeyore then muttered to Tigger:  
"The Pooh has got in but cannot get out."  
Said Tigger "What luck he's no bigger!"

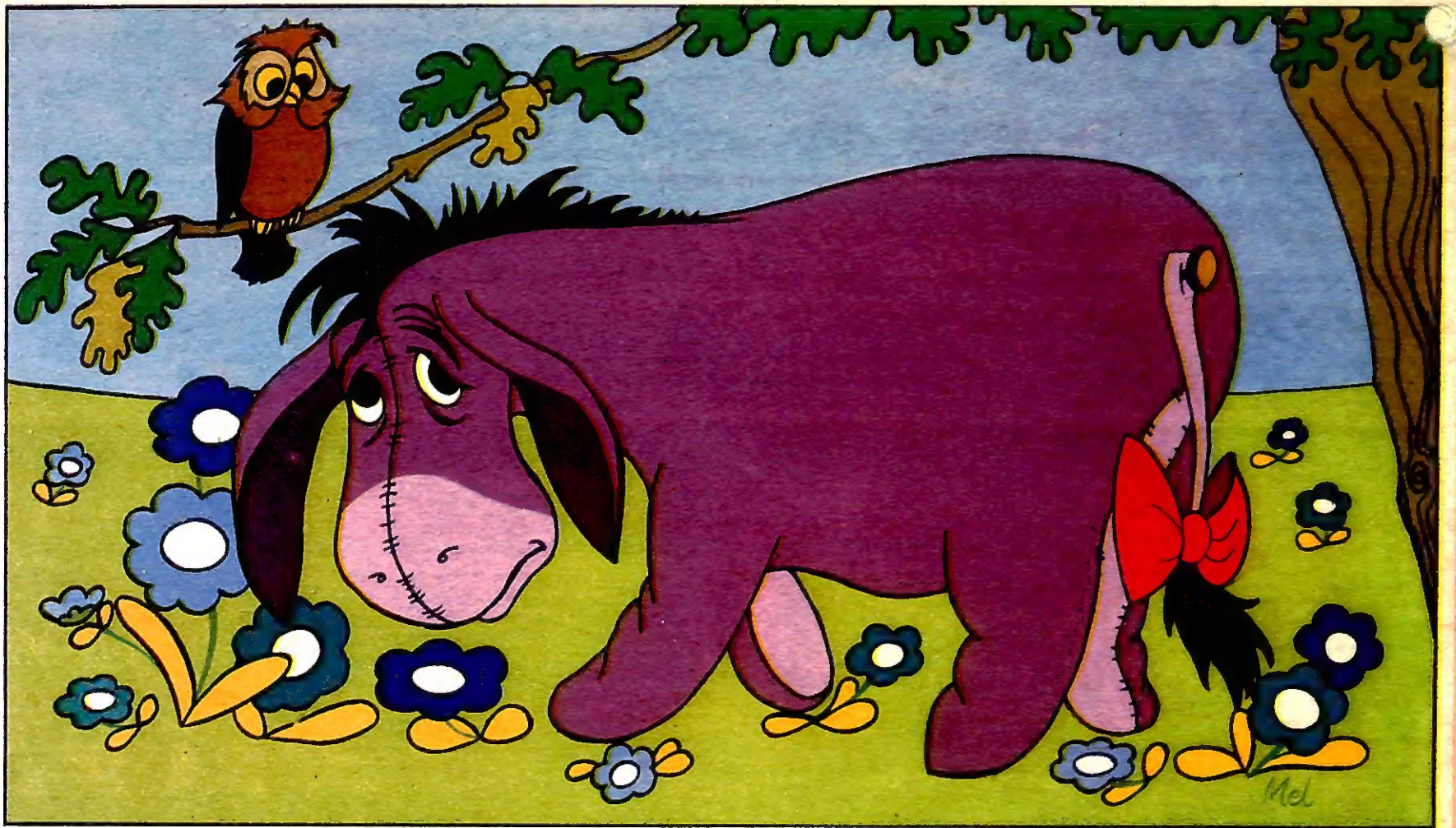
I remember, I remember  
That Pooh shouted "Please stop your fooling!  
You know I've got in and cannot get out!"  
So everyone then started pulling.

I remember, I remember  
As Pooh shot out just like a cork, he  
Said "Yes! I was in but now I am out,"  
Then went for a long country walkie.





# Says Eeyore "Hee! Hee! Try colouring me!"

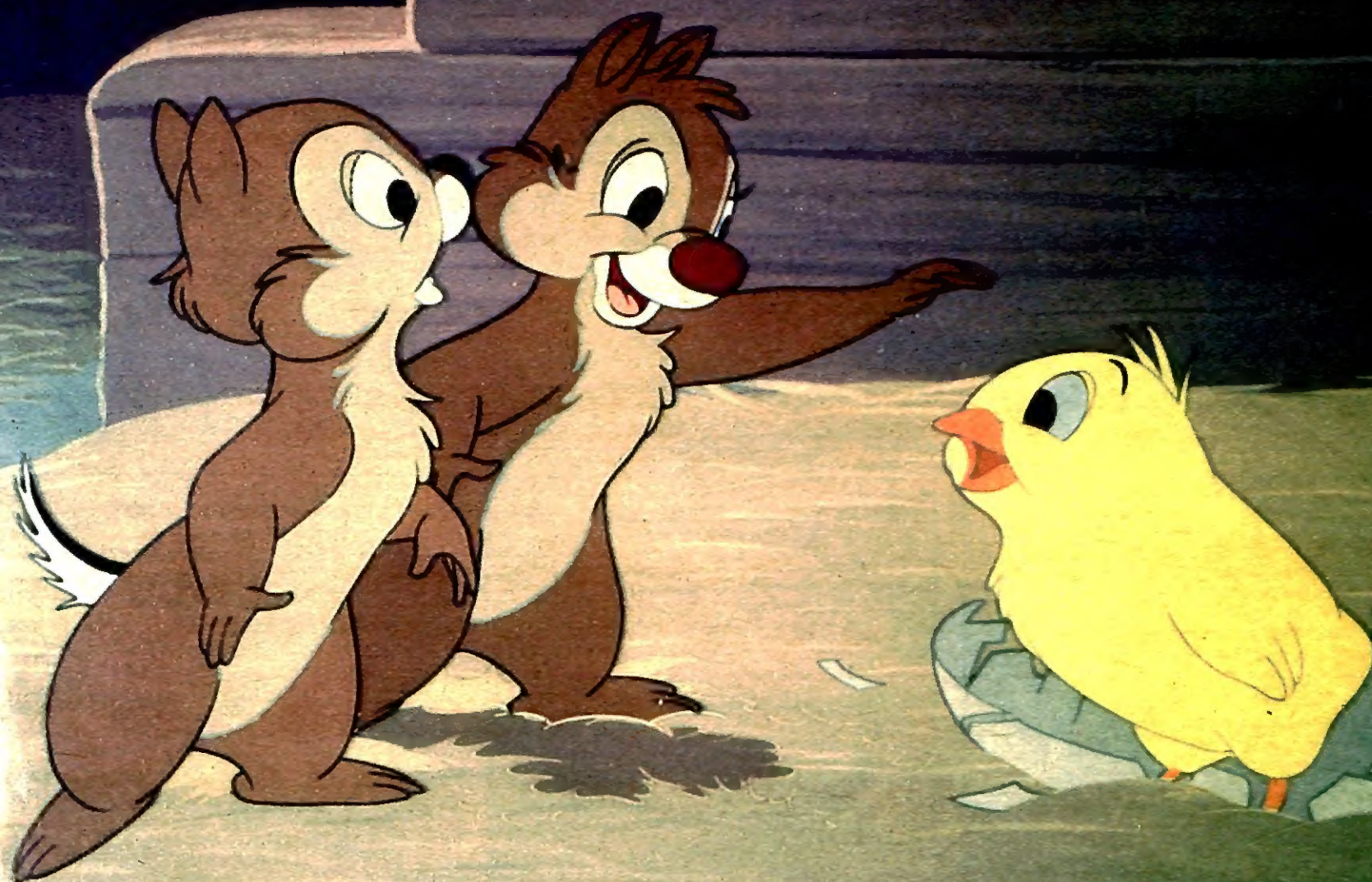


With Eeyore the ass  
Is Owl in a tree.  
Says Eeyore "Have fun!  
Try colouring me!"

With purple and green  
And red, white and blue."  
"Remember," growls Owl,  
"To colour me, too."







# Chip 'n' Dale meet a tiny chick

One day Chip 'n' Dale were out looking for fun in a farmyard, when they came across some eggs. "Yum! Yum!" chuckled Chip. "Eggs! Eggs and bacon! What could be better?"

"Nuts and raspberries," answered Dale. "But that reminds me of a riddle, Chip. When is bacon like a dirty window?"

Chip thought and thought but he couldn't think of the answer—so Dale told him. "Why, when it's streaky, of course," laughed he.

"Cheep! Cheep!" chirped a tiny voice and Chip 'n' Dale looked round, very surprised. An egg had broken open and a tiny chick was peeping out.

"Hallo," said he.

"Hallo," said Chip. "Welcome to the world!"

The chick chuckled, shook himself and walked out of its egg.

"Hey, fancy that," said Chip to Dale. "This tiny fellow can walk!"

"So he can," grinned Dale. "But do you know what can run and *can't* walk?"

"A river," replied Chip.

"Clever you," said Dale, a little put out because Chip knew the answer. "Well, what has arms but no hands?" Chip didn't know the answer to that.

"A chair," said Dale, very pleased with himself.

"You're not very polite," said the chick. "You're not taking any notice of me."

"Sorry," smiled Chip, "but you're new around here. All the same, maybe you can tell me where the first tree grew?"

But the tiny chick shook his head.

"Where else but in the ground?" He hadn't

had time yet to learn about trees! spluttered Chip, roaring with laughter.

"Very smart—very smart indeed," said the chick. "Now here's one for you. When do chipmunks have eight feet?"

Well, that really stumped Chip 'n' Dale. Chip looked at Dale and Dale looked at Chip. Then they both shook their heads.

"When there are two of them," said the chick and he marched away with his little beak in the air, looking for his mother.

"If you can tell me what the envelope said when the girl licked it, we'll go home," said Chip to Dale.

"Huh, it just shut up and said nothing," replied Dale.

And with that the two little chipmunks went home.



Our nosy Walrus seems to know the moment when he'd better go!

